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THE CONDUCT OF THE MINISTRY.

WHEN Mr. DISRAELI assumed the reins of Government, he and his Cabinet were in a position of great advantage as regards Ireland, and more especially as regards the Irish Church. It is true that hints had been thrown out that a move was to be made to do something, or propose something, affecting the Irish Church this Session, and Lord RUSSELL had written a pamphlet stating that not an hour was to be lost. But these appeals, few and slight as they were, fell quite dead on the ear of the public. It seemed preposterous that the Irish Church, of all things, should not only be made the question of the day, but be taken up as a party question, and be made the ground of a hot party debate. Men of all classes and all kinds of political views were utterly opposed to this being done. It was almost universally regarded as a thing that would not and should not be. In the first place, the very position of the Ministry seemed to preclude it. As such a question as the disestablishment of the Irish Church could never have been so much as debated in the Cabinet of Lord DERRY, it seemed that mere ordinary courtesy and generosity must preclude the Opposition from suddenly raising a question that would, they knew, take the new Government by surprise, and must be regarded as a mere weapon of offence used against Mr. DISRAELI, to do him harm at any price. There was plenty of work for Parliament to do in its last Session, and men of moderation wished above all things to have time to learn and think about Ireland, and to come to a better opinion on the many intricate Irish questions than they had had time to form. If the Ministry had but stated frankly that this was the position which they occupied, and to which they adhered, they had a clear and easy course before them; and any attempt to seek, in the Irish Church, a subject of party warfare and a source of party triumph would have been set down as in the last degree mean and factious.

Unfortunately, the Ministry altogether abandoned this position, and by a series of blunders, follies, and vacillations rarely paralleled in political history have not only placed themselves at the mercy of their opponents, but have entirely altered the opinion of the country with regard to the Irish Church. Previously, it was a subject on which every Liberal felt that, if called on to make up his mind, he could not hesitate to wish for some change, but on which most men had only a vague, indecisive, and very dormant opinion. The Ministry have terminated this state of things, and forced, not only the Liberal party, but the country at large, to look on the Irish Establishment as an institution which is utterly unjustifiable, and which cannot and shall not last. It ought never to be forgotten that it was the Ministry that began to deal with Irish ecclesiastical questions this Session, and first tried to obtain from the moribund Parliament a vote that would bind the Parliament of the future. It was they who, instead of keeping quiet and waiting for next year, tried to establish a precedent and advocate a theory. They offered to the House of Commons a declaration of the course they were prepared to recommend in dealing with the Irish Church, and they wished the House to begin at once. They did not ask for delay. They had their own plan, which they invited, not a future, but the present, Parliament to adopt. Their general plan was what Lord MAYO called "levelling up"—that is, the retention of the Irish Church, coupled with a fresh endowment of other ecclesiastical bodies in Ireland; and as a beginning of this, they asked for the endowment of a peculiar kind of Catholic University. This raised the whole question of what was to be done with the Irish Church, and Mr. GLADSTONE gave notice immediately that he would bring forward a counter-proposition. Even then, however, the feeling was very general that this looked too much like a party move, and was dictated by a burning desire to take

vengeance on Mr. DISRAELI. But the Ministry set to work very hard, and soon managed to throw away every advantage they possessed. First, Mr. DISRAELI wrote his letter to Lord DARTMOUTH, and tried to appeal to the Protestant fanaticism of the country, and the selfishness and timidity of the English clergy. But his letter fell utterly dead. There was no outburst of Protestant fanaticism, for although there are plenty of Protestant fanatics, the heart was taken out of them by the silent and unwelcome conviction that the Irish Church is an institution which is alien to the whole course of modern thought, and which it is inconsistent with modern views of justice to defend. The clergy would not respond. There was absolutely no attempt made by the English clergy to save the Irish Church; or if any attempts were made, they were so few, so insignificant, and so extremely obscure, that a Ministry could gain no support from them whatever. Accordingly, the Government tried to hark back. They would not go in for the Protestant fanatical line, for the interests of pure religion and the bulwarks of civil and religious liberty, but for the expediency of delay. Lord STANLEY, whose real opinions on the Irish Church were, we presume, not less clear to his colleagues than to the public, was pitched on as just the man to do the business. No one could accuse him of being a Protestant fanatic. He stood well with the country, and he had an hereditary claim on the fidelity of the party. He was instigated to make an amendment and a speech, and he made both; and very curious productions they were. He laughed at Irish Bishops having seats in Parliament; he stated that not one educated man in a hundred thought the Irish Church could last as it was, and he ridiculed the notion that any mere redistribution of the funds of the Irish Church within its own pale could be sufficient. He did not so much disagree with Mr. GLADSTONE'S Resolutions as complain that it was the wrong time to bring them forward, while he reserved the right of appropriating them for the use of the Conservative party in another Session. This, however, did not quite suit all his colleagues. They, or some of them, were frightened and shocked, and on the following evening Mr. HARDY rallied round the Altar and the Throne, and swore that he would never give up a single sixpence the Irish Church possessed. Flatly contradicting the whole tenor of Lord STANLEY'S speech, he once more went back to Mr. DISRAELI'S letter to Lord DARTMOUTH, and committed the Ministry to a decision that, at all hazards, the Irish Church should go on as it is, except so far as there may be room in it for some new arrangements with regard to benefices and deaneries, about which, as Lord STANLEY would say, not one educated man in a hundred knows or cares anything.

How is it possible to deal with a Ministry like this? In the face of such ludicrous vacillation, of such barefaced attempts to catch men of the most opposite views, and of such pitiable efforts to make friends with each party by turns, in the hopes that it might prove to be the mammon of unrighteousness they were in search of, and would befriend them in their need, how is it possible that they could command the respect of their enemies or their adherents? They have done infinitely more than the Liberals have done to form the opinion of the country on the Irish Church. What chance can an institution have that is defended in this way? They forced the issue on many wavering minds, and obliged them to say more or less openly that it was clear the thing would not do, and that the Irish Church must go. If the Ministry behaved in this way, it was scarcely possible to pretend that the opinion of Liberals on the Irish Church was not challenged. Men who previously shrank from countenancing a party move, and were averse to the Irish Church being made the battle-field of faction, were compelled from mere self-respect to show that they were capable of forming and expressing a distinct opinion. And if this was the effect on

Liberals, the effect on many Conservatives was to fill them with dismay. Were they then to be once more sheep following a strange shepherd to unknown pastures? Were established Churches to be tossed about like shuttlecocks by Conservative leaders, just as the Compound Householder and the checks on Reform were tossed last Session? Lord CRANBORNE, in a most pointed, lively, and effective speech, expressed these natural feelings, and appealed to past experience to show those who sit on the Ministerial benches how very easily the Irish Church may be sacrificed by the leaders of the party. Mr. HARDY tried, and not in vain, to animate the courage of his adherents, to rally them to the grand old cry of "No Surrender," and to make the partisans of the Irish Church believe that they had at least one reliable friend and champion. But nothing that Mr. HARDY said could undo what Lord STANLEY had said before him. The most he did was to show that, even if he did not push scrupulous honesty far enough to sacrifice office last year, yet he is a thoroughly sound Conservative. But this cannot help the Irish Church, or make the past conduct of the Ministry with reference to the Irish Church coherent, wise, and honourable. They have lost themselves altogether on this question, and, even if they retain office, the consequences of their errors cannot cease to be felt.

THE LIBERAL PARTY.

THE Liberal party once more enjoys its ancient good fortune in finding itself on the winning side. The advocacy of a change which will certainly be accomplished sooner or later is a profitable and pleasant employment. Few of the early supporters of Catholic Emancipation lived to enjoy their final triumph, and the abolition of slavery followed, at the distance of a generation, the suppression of the slave-trade. After the Reform Bill of 1832 the progress of change was accelerated; and the agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws occupied only ten or twelve years. Since 1836 the Liberal party has, until the present time, pursued no common object, for the professed anxiety of some of its members for a new Parliamentary Reform was entirely conventional. Lord PALMERSTON represented with perfect fidelity, from 1856 to 1865, the cordial acquiescence of his party and of the country in a policy of inaction. Two or three Reform Bills which were interposed in his peaceful reign were defeated or abandoned by general consent, and the most ambitious measures which occupied the attention of Parliament were Mr. GLADSTONE'S Budgets. A few extreme Liberals, under the guidance of Mr. BRIGHT, bitterly resented Lord PALMERSTON'S steady discouragement of innovation; but Parliament was nearly unanimous in his support, and successive attempts to produce a popular agitation ended in entire failure. When Lord RUSSELL and Mr. GLADSTONE succeeded to power, their summons to the party to resume its former activity received a faint and unwilling response. The great majority of the House of Commons would much have preferred a continuance of the former dynasty, and not one Liberal member in five had at any time seriously approved of Parliamentary Reform. The actual seceders of 1866 represented a much larger number of malcontents, and, in or out of office, Mr. GLADSTONE was unable, for two Sessions, to command a majority on any decisive question. The adoption, under Mr. DISRAELI'S auspices, of household suffrage menaced the old Liberal party with imminent danger of isolation between the Conservatives and the promoters of sweeping changes. The loyal adherents of Lord PALMERSTON were not inclined to favour large changes in the law of landed property, or to adopt measures for establishing still more completely the supremacy of numbers over property and education. If the party was not to become extinct or to be entirely changed in character, it was necessary to discover an object which would interest at the same time the moderate Whig and the thoroughgoing Radical. The sudden prominence of Irish questions, in consequence of the Fenian conspiracy, has, at the most convenient moment, supplied the party with a watchword and a cause.

It is true that many members of the Opposition privately dislike the proposed disestablishment of the Irish Church, and perhaps there are others who hold that Mr. GLADSTONE'S motion is inopportune. There is certainly no general wish for an immediate change of Ministry, and a motion for a vote of want of confidence would probably be defeated. Nevertheless, the party will, as a whole, adopt the course of their chief, while single dissentients will either be driven from political life or be compelled to transfer their allegiance to the leaders of the present Government. If it were the object of

statesmen to consolidate and strengthen a party rather than to consult the welfare of the country, a long and doubtful contest on the Irish Church would be more advantageous to Liberalism than an early victory. Unless disputes arise as to the protection of vested interests, Mr. GLADSTONE is not liable to be outbid by the most vehement section of his followers; and he has already cut off his more timid supporters from the possibility of compromise or retreat. As in the case of the Corn-laws, a system or institution is to be destroyed as a whole, and the most zealous aspirations cannot easily reach further. The Irish Roman Catholics will, for the first time since the short-lived alliance between Mr. O'CONNELL and Lord JOHN RUSSELL, heartily support the Liberal party in a cause which is primarily their own. Nearly all the Dissenters will place their influence in the borough constituencies on the same side; and extreme democrats will co-operate with the survivors of Lord PALMERSTON'S Cabinet. The forces which will rally round Mr. DISRAELI, or perhaps Mr. HARDY, have always belonged to the Conservative party, and therefore give it no additional strength; while the Liberals have for a long time not enjoyed a single opportunity of appealing to popular enthusiasm. At the next election there will be a great advantage in a pledge which will be everywhere imperatively exacted of Liberal candidates, and willingly given. Many more troublesome issues which might have been raised at the hustings may now be adjourned until the Irish Church has been deprived of its political character and its privileges as an Establishment.

Among other advantages, it is extremely convenient to a party to have all the logic of the case on its side. Lord STANLEY'S assertion, that not one educated man in a hundred is satisfied with the condition of the Irish Church, was as true as it was embarrassing to his colleagues and his party. The difficulties of the operation, the risk of endangering other Establishments, and the supposed blow inflicted on the loyalty of Irish Protestants, may be urged with much effect by the opponents of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Resolutions, and of the legislation for which they are intended to prepare the way; but it is still true that the Irish Establishment is an indefensible institution, and that the task of dealing with the impediments to its removal may be reasonably undertaken by Parliament. The English Church will, no doubt, be endangered by the disendowment of the Irish Church, as a house is liable to be shaken by the demolition of an adjacent ruin; but at present the whole theory of establishment is discredited by one flagrant anomaly. The danger to lay corporations is more remote, although Mr. HARDY threatened the London Companies, and an insurance office which owns an estate in the west of Ireland, with prospective spoliation, in accordance with the precedent of the Church. It is not to be denied that an insurance office, like a Church, is in a certain sense a corporate body, although the commercial Company holds its property for its own benefit, and not on a trust which has become impracticable or injurious. Different opinions may be entertained on the question whether the rights of property are more directly endangered by the acknowledgment that confiscation may in some cases be just, or by the preservation of a kind of ownership which is opposed to the public interest. The shareholders of the Law Life Company would, in case of expropriation, be entitled to compensation for the fee-simple of their property, and not merely for their life interests. The heirs and executors of the present incumbents of ecclesiastical benefices will lose nothing whatever by disendowment. Private property held by single persons is one degree further removed from danger; but it is not improbable that, when the Irish Establishment has been abolished, agitation on the subject of land-tenures may acquire additional force. One great political controversy generally excludes another while it occupies general attention, as Catholic Emancipation stood in the way of the Reform Bill, and as the Reform Bill and the measures which immediately followed were necessarily disposed of before the Free-trade agitation commenced. Sometimes the accomplishment of a desirable reform is followed by a demand for mischievous changes; but Parliament has, on the whole, exercised a sound discretion between good and bad measures. The disestablishment of the Irish Church is just, and it will be supported by the entire Liberal party, while the iniquitous transfer of landed property from the owner to the occupier would only be advocated by extreme politicians.

The majority of the present House of Commons, with a certainty that its numbers will be increased by the election of next winter, cannot long be excluded from the possession of official power; but, unless the Ministry is broken up by

internal dissensions, no change of Government is to be expected this Session. Mr. GLADSTONE, for the first time in two years, leads a powerful party on one great question; but distrust and dissatisfaction are probably still to be found in the ranks of the party. It would be judicious on his part to accustom his followers to victory, before he urges his claim to office by a hostile motion against the Government. With or without reason, his judgment and temper are still imperfectly trusted, and many of his supporters are not yet reconciled to the inevitable appearance of Mr. BRIGHT as Mr. GLADSTONE's principal colleague. Many objections or prejudices have been overcome by a series of temperate and conciliatory speeches; and most sagacious politicians are prepared to acquiesce in Mr. BRIGHT's elevation, because, in addition to many other reasons, his admission to the Cabinet cannot be prevented. Hesitation and coldness are not advantageously overcome by precipitate pressure, and Mr. GLADSTONE can well afford to wait for office till next Session, especially as he can ensure the obedience of his party on the most important of current questions. The same causes which will unite the Liberals have consolidated the Conservative party; and henceforth there will be a more direct antagonism between the two great sections of the House. A pugnacious chief is most zealously followed during the continuance of active hostilities, and in the main struggle on the Irish Church there will be no opening for compromise between opposite parties. Lord JOHN RUSSELL was a highly popular leader during his long contest for office with Sir ROBERT PEEL; but in temporarily hopeless adversity, or in undisputed possession of office, he lost his hold on the allegiance of his party. As long as the Irish Church occupies the attention of Parliament, Mr. GLADSTONE's supremacy is safe.

THE DEBATE.

IT is difficult to realize the fact that the great debate on the Irish Church was really only begun in the present week. We have had the same arguments repeated so often, we have learnt so much of the temper of the House and the country, we have witnessed such incessant and such astonishing vacillations in the policy of the Ministry, that it seems ages since Mr. GLADSTONE first opened the subject by moving that the House should go into Committee. Fortunately for the patience of members, the discussion has been enlivened by a large infusion of personalities, for it is always more amusing to see, or hope to see, an eminent public man wince under an attack than to decide whether an invisible institution shall stand or fall. Lord CRANBORNE had his innings against the Ministry, and especially against the PREMIER; and as his attack was amply justified, its epigrammatic bitterness produced an effect which must have fully satisfied him that he carried with him the sympathies of the House. In return, Mr. HARDY brought out a letter from some anonymous dignitary, which Mr. GLADSTONE wrote on the eve of the last Oxford election, and which was supposed to be calculated to overwhelm him with confusion, and show his gross inconsistency and partisan recklessness. Mr. GLADSTONE bore the bursting of this thunderbolt very calmly, and there seems no reason why he should care about it. After having given, in Parliament, a strong opinion against the Irish Church in 1865, he had to meet his constituents, and in answer to a dignitary who was, we presume, frightened by this public declaration, Mr. GLADSTONE said that he thought the question of the Irish Church was not likely to be a practical one for a long time. Why a candidate who differs from a constituent should not say that their cause of difference need not divide them, because it is not likely to take any practical shape, it is hard to conceive. On the other hand, Mr. BRIGHT did much to relieve the debate from quarrels of this personal kind, and from discussions as to the consistency of this or that political leader. He occupied a strong and an exceptional position; for although a Liberal leader, and holding very decided opinions about the Irish Church, he at least was not open to the charge of using the Irish Church as a mere stalking-horse of party. Every one knew that he was sincere when he said that he was not seeking a means of turning out one Ministry and putting in another. This enabled him to carry the House with him as no other Liberal of his eminence could have done, when he asked his hearers to forget prejudices and to lay aside vague terrors, and look at the maintenance of the Irish Church as a mere question of justice or injustice to Ireland. If the matter is viewed in this light there can be but one reply. The existence of the Irish Church, as an evidence of Protestant ascendancy, and as an appropriation of national funds to the exclusive benefit of a small non-progressive community, is flagrantly unjust to Ireland. Whether

Mr. GLADSTONE is really animated by a longing to put an end to this injustice, or whether he is not principally actuated by a wish to consolidate his party and get into office, are points on which the answers will vary, according to the views entertained of his general character and conduct. But Mr. BRIGHT had the good fortune to be able at once to separate himself from Mr. GLADSTONE, and yet to give him the most effectual support. He could say honestly that party triumphs are nothing to him, and yet he could remind his hearers that, whether the question has been raised properly or improperly at the present moment, the issue is now unavoidable; and England must say to the world and to Ireland whether she will walk in new paths, or whether she will harden her heart, and let injustice go on so long as it suits her interests or her fancy to do so.

If Mr. GLADSTONE was justified at all in bringing forward his Resolutions, his speech was in many respects prudent and adroit. It was heavy, and the grand passage at the end came in rather too much like a peroration which he was bound to make in deference to his own reputation for eloquence. Scraps from the minor poetry of the day may show that an amiable Archbishop thinks as others have thought before him, that men and churches have both their heavenly and their earthly side. But they have no bearing whatever on the point, whether it is wise this year to forestall the action of the next Parliament in regard to the Irish Establishment. He had, however, the sense to be as conciliatory as possible, to use guarded language, and to give as many hopes as possible to persons who can claim to hold even the remotest kind of vested interests. He went so far in this policy of tender consideration as to hint that he should not be unwilling to give a trifle to Irish curates who might have taken orders in the vain hope of some day getting a living, and purchasing Catholic eggs on liberal terms, and setting a model of deportment to Catholic cottiers. And, at the same time, Mr. GLADSTONE was sufficiently definite. He said openly what he means to do. He put a body and significance into his Resolutions. He made it clear what it was that he proposed. Lord STANLEY, who had evidently prepared a speech on the supposition that Mr. GLADSTONE would not venture to make any definite proposal, was taken aback, and could think of nothing better than assuring the House that Mr. GLADSTONE would not say what he actually had said. Of course no proposal made cursorily in a speech could really deal with the many difficulties of detail which the disestablishment of the Irish Church must involve; but what Mr. GLADSTONE proposed was quite intelligible, and sufficiently large. Nor was there any real ground for repeating, as Conservative members repeated one after another, that Mr. GLADSTONE was only trying to bind the House by a vague resolution—that it was the old story of the Appropriation Clause over again, and that the Whigs, if they got into office, would find themselves committed to nothing definite. How any one who has taken the pains to read the Resolutions, and who listened to or has read Mr. GLADSTONE's speech, can think this, it is impossible to conceive. Mr. GLADSTONE's Resolutions are by no means an empty expression of opinion. On the contrary, they amount almost to an act of legislation. They decide the fate of the Irish Church without giving the Lords any opportunity to be heard in the matter. By a mere vote they make the House of Commons decree that Irish dioceses shall go without Bishops, and many Irish benefices without incumbents, should vacancies occur, until another Parliament has decided what to do with the temporalities of the Church. This is not at all like a vague expression of sentiment; it necessitates an immediate course of action, and it introduces a sweeping change in the lives and prospects of a great variety of people, not by an Act of Parliament, but by a simple decree of the House of Commons. That the House of Lords was thus cut out of its share in legislation was a complaint which we should have expected would have occupied a more prominent place than it did on the lips of Conservative speakers; but even Conservative speakers in these days have very little to say for the House of Lords.

Mr. GATHORNE HARDY made a very vigorous and effective speech, for he really had something to say. He had a genuine belief in the Irish Church, which he wished to express, and he had to show that he held a totally different set of opinions about it from those which on the previous night had been expressed by his colleague, Lord STANLEY. The FOREIGN SECRETARY had said that of course the new Parliament would deal at once with the Irish Church, and that all the Opposition was aiming at was to get the conduct of the measure, and be in office when it was framed, whereas he thought that they might find themselves mistaken, and that the new Legislature

might like to frame its own measure, and dispense with the control and guidance of the Liberal party. What this meant was obvious to every one who remembered last Session, and called to mind the process then exhibited of the House of Commons framing its own measure, and doing without Mr. GLADSTONE and his friends. Why should not a Conservative Government once more act as the instrument and organ of the House, and get the credit of passing as sweeping and as revolutionary measures, at the expense of the Irish Church, as a Reformed Parliament could desire? In answer to this, Mr. HARDY said distinctly that he for one would never be a party to such a course of proceeding. He had done it once; but then Reform was a question, not of principle, but of degree; whereas the maintenance of the Irish Church is a matter of principle, and he should in this case cleave to his principles, and would support the Irish Church through thick and thin. The Conservatives took courage at this, and cheered, and were made quite bold and happy by finding that there was at least one Conservative in the Ministry. In spite, however, of Mr. GATHORNE HARDY, and in spite of the Dartmouth letter, "No Surrender" is not really the cry that comes home to the hearts of the Cabinet. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE went back again to something like Lord STANLEY's ground. He did not say that the Irish Church must be maintained because it was just to maintain it, because it had a clear sacred right to go on existing, or because it was in itself a very blessed, thriving, useful institution. He only pointed out that there were great practical difficulties in dealing with it, and that it would use up most of the Easter holidays to touch on them, however lightly. Mr. DISRAELI immediately bowled him over by saying that there was no reason why the debate should occupy more than one night longer. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE did not mind this, of course. He has been bowled over often enough to know that it does not hurt, and he must be as glad of his Easter holidays as any one else. What the final utterance of Mr. DISRAELI will be at the close of the debate is still, at the moment we write, a matter of speculation. He is universally expected to say something very clever and artful, and to back in and out of everything with much dexterity, and we trust that his hearers may not be disappointed. But nothing he can say now can much hurt or help the Irish Church. The doom of that anomalous institution is sealed, and all that Mr. DISRAELI can do is to discredit, dishearten, and embarrass as much as possible those who have taken in hand the work of dealing the last fatal blow.

LORD RUSSELL AND THE ALABAMA.

LORD RUSSELL has revived the subject of the *Alabama*, but without any practical object, and without any prospect of doing practical good. If he still considers it a question personal to himself whether the escape of the *Alabama* was in any way his fault, he may have the satisfaction of knowing that no one is inclined to blame him. In the novelty of the case, in the state of public feeling then prevailing in England, and in the unfortunate accident of Sir JOHN HARDING'S illness, he has abundant matter of excuse, and may be held to be free from reproach. But it is difficult, perhaps, for Lord RUSSELL to realize how completely the public opinion, both of England and America, has now got away from such minute and personal points, and how exceedingly small a matter it now seems how Lord RUSSELL happened to behave. He is forgotten, not blamed, and so may feel perfectly comfortable. All that now signifies is to act rightly in the present state of things, and to lay down clear and sound principles of action for the future. As the subject was raised in the House of Lords, it was natural that notice should have been taken of the controversy between Lord STANLEY and Mr. SEWARD which put an end to the proposed arbitration. Lord WESTBURY blamed Lord STANLEY, who had, in Lord WESTBURY'S opinion, entirely misconceived Mr. SEWARD'S meaning. What Mr. SEWARD really meant, according to Lord WESTBURY, was not to question the right of England to recognise the Confederate States when she did, but to claim the right of using the haste with which this acknowledged right was exercised as a proof that England was not really neutral, and was thus disposed to wink at such injuries being inflicted on the Federal States as flowed from the escape of the *Alabama*. The reply of Lord CAIRNS to this line of argument appears to us unanswerable. Mr. SEWARD might have said this, but he did not say it. Even if it be granted, which perhaps it may be, that the expressions, or some of the expressions, used by Mr. SEWARD in the first instance were open to this construction, yet, when

Lord STANLEY wrote to say that he must consider the right of England to recognise the Confederate States as belligerents to be entirely beyond the province of an arbitrator to investigate, why did not Mr. SEWARD write back and say that he did not at all question this right, but that all he asked was that the mode in which this right was exercised should be tendered to the arbitrator as an evidence of the general animus and political leaning of England? The real reason, of course, was that Mr. SEWARD was in a difficulty from which he could not extricate himself. He had gone so far in questioning the right of England to recognise the belligerent character of the Confederate States, that to acknowledge this right would have been to own himself wrong, and he had made an appeal to the Spread-Eagleism of his countrymen, by questioning this right, from which he did not like Americans to think he was backing out. He had no resource, therefore, but to give up the scheme of arbitration, and throw out a hint that the same result might be attained by a mixed Commission; and the friendly and courteous language of Lord STANLEY, and the just and temperate character of the recent debates in the House of Commons, ought to remove all difficulties in the way of the Commission being appointed, unless Mr. SEWARD wishes, for the purposes of American politics, to keep the sore open.

Lord RUSSELL'S professed object is to save England from her present disposition to sacrifice her own dignity. Whereas England was once too regardless of the feelings and wishes of Northerners, she is now ready to knock under to them. The proper course would be to say that at the time of the escape of the *Alabama* we were living under the rule of the great and good and very nearly all-wise Lord RUSSELL; and that, as we therefore could not have been in the wrong, we cannot pretend to think we were in the wrong. Most consistently Lord RUSSELL has always been opposed to referring anything connected with the *Alabama* to arbitration. What could be the good of referring to an arbitrator to say whether JACK the Giant-killer was right in obeying the dictates of the good fairy of the story? Perhaps, of all human pleasures, few can equal that enjoyed by a man who in old age surveys the measures of half a century of political life, and honestly believes that he has always, at every crisis and in every act, been in the position of a good fairy, and that people who did not do as he told them fairly deserved to be eaten by giants. As no argument and no criticism could possibly shake Lord RUSSELL'S profound conviction that he was born a good fairy, and has remained a good fairy all his days, it is useless to say anything about it, and it is only with envy of a man who has so rare and sweet a source of inward happiness that we turn to the general subject whether there is any truth in the allegation that England is likely to sacrifice her dignity. We feel sure there is no danger whatever. We now take a very different course regarding the *Alabama* from that which we once did, and it would be silly to deny that we are more inclined to attend to the complaints of America, now that she has shown herself a very powerful nation, than we should be if she were a weak one. As we, like all other nations, do the same thing every day in a vast variety of ways, and are more ready to conciliate, not only the United States, but France and Russia and other great States, than we are to conciliate Venezuela and Greece, we need not stand much on our pride in this particular case. But we believe it to be entirely untrue that fear of America is anything more than a most minute element in the present disposition of the country with regard to the *Alabama* case. An infinitely more powerful element is the conviction that we were not really quite right in the line we once took, however innocently and naturally we may have taken it; and with this is coupled a feeling of uneasiness at the recollection that the line we took helped most materially to fill the pockets of some of our own countrymen. But even this is not the predominant cause of change. We have altered our views about the *Alabama* because, since its time, new doctrines of international law have silently and slowly sprung into life. These doctrines are not yet expressed in words, they have not received the formal assent of jurists and governments; but they have penetrated society, they shape the actions of men, and colour all the language which flows from the mouths of every one, except Lord RUSSELL, who attends to the class of questions connected with the escape of the *Alabama*.

Lord WESTBURY, who on such a subject could not speak without saying something to enlighten his hearers and animate the debate, referred incidentally to two points, one of which has

been recently much discussed, and the other of which is the main point to be discussed before the most vital questions at issue are set at rest. The first of these points was as to the nature and character of international law. Is it, properly speaking, law at all? Lord WESTBURY says it is not. It is not law in the sense in which the Statute of Frauds is law. It is difficult to see how any one can doubt this, and we scarcely suppose that any one would doubt it. But, as a matter of fact, the term "law" is applied, and has been applied in every civilized language, and for many centuries, to rules of conduct which do not come within that strict definition of law which any Act of Parliament or the whole municipal law of England will satisfy. As the term is so extended practically, are we to fall in with practical usage or not? The right answer to this is, we think, that we ought thoroughly to recognise the distinction between law in the proper, and law in the metaphorical, sense; because experience teaches us that from want of attention to this distinction much harm and confusion of thought have arisen. On the other hand, it would be pedantic to deny ourselves the use of the term in its extended sense, since this use is practically convenient. It may seem as if such a discussion had very little to do with the *Alabama*. On the contrary, it is very important. The tendency of persons who think international law is really law, just as an Act of Parliament is law, is to look out international law in treatises, diplomatic correspondence, and, above all, in law-books, and to overlook the growth of an unwritten law, sprung from the new wants, the new experience, and the new morality of nations. Lord RUSSELL is a conspicuous instance of such a person. He quotes the case of the American and Portuguese Governments exactly as a *Nisi Prius* lawyer quotes *SMITH v. JONES*, and triumphantly rests his case on this final and crushing authority. But nations are not like *puisse judges*. They are not bound by a case or a precedent. Sometimes it is fair and wise, as they feel, that they should be bound, and sometimes it is not. By a gradual instinctive process we have come to a vague, unexpressed, informal, and yet operative conclusion, that whatever the Americans may have once said or done to the Portuguese, the interests of peace and justice require that neutrals should hold themselves bound to fulfil duties which, up to this moment, no law or ascertained rule of conduct has imposed on them. What these duties are was really the question which Lord WESTBURY raised when he touched on the second of the points incidentally noticed in his speech. He laid down, or seemed to lay down, the rule that each nation is only bound to carry out its own municipal law. This is so obviously wrong a doctrine, when stated nakedly, that Lord WESTBURY must have meant to add an implied qualification of it. If the nation is only bound to carry out its own municipal law, it is also bound to see that its municipal law is such as to enable it to carry out its duties to neutrals. Therefore we do not get any further by introducing the question of municipal law. We are inevitably thrown back on the main question, what are the duties of neutrals with regard to armed ships built within their territories for the use of a belligerent; and as this is the very question on which, within a few days, we may hope to have the views of the Commission appointed last year to examine our Neutrality Laws, it would be premature to discuss it further now.

FRANCE.

THE late disturbances at Toulouse and Bordeaux, although they appear to have been trifling, have probably suggested anxious thoughts to NAPOLEON III. For the first time since the establishment of the Empire, the public authority has been forcibly resisted, and the occasion of the tumults was the enforcement of a law which originated with the EMPEROR himself. The French are habitually contented to dispense with public meetings; and, although an attack of the Government on the press caused the overthrow of CHARLES X., sympathy with journalists has become much less earnest during the lapse of forty years. Even the increase of the national debt is regarded with indifference, if not with favour, as long as the ordinary growth of the revenue provides for the additional interest without the aid of fresh taxation. The commercial treaties which sometimes excite the discontent of manufacturers and of special classes of artisans have largely benefited the winegrowers and the bulk of the rural population. The new organization of the army is the first measure of the present reign which directly interferes with the interest and convenience of the people; and the petty riots in the South confute the arguments by which Ministers and Marshals

undertook to prove that the burden of the conscription would be diminished by the same arrangement which was to add largely to the strength of the army. The length of regimental duty is in fact reduced, while the entire term of service in the Line and in the Reserve is considerably increased; but the most obnoxious portion of the law consists in the obligation, imposed on those who escape the regular conscription, to form a militia force under the name of the moveable Guard. It is commonly and truly said that there is no longer a chance of a good number, representing an escape from the conscription; for although the duties of the supplementary force are in time of peace comparatively light, the chances of entire exemption have been destroyed by the law. On the whole, the army, and the system by which it is recruited, are not unpopular in France, but the obligation of giving six or seven years to the service of the State has never been willingly accepted. The hope of a prize reconciled young men and their families to the risk of drawing the fatal number, and, like all institutions, the conscription had acquired a sanction from time and habit. The EMPEROR NAPOLEON seems to have committed an error in disturbing the customary arrangements for a purpose of which he perhaps overrated the importance.

The discontent which was caused by the aggrandizement of Prussia and by the abandonment of the Luxemburg purchase was not likely to be permanent. France had no serious interest in the weakness of Germany, nor would any advantage have been derived from the annexation of a petty province. The failures of Imperial policy in Europe and America may have tended to produce a certain feeling of insecurity, but no Government can be permanent if it depends for existence on uninterrupted felicity and success. Every Frenchman would have gladly persuaded himself that the EMPEROR was Dictator of Europe, but the disappointment of patriotic vanity would never have caused a revolution. The MINISTER OF WAR explained, in the course of the debates on the Army Bill, that the EMPEROR had been compelled to make peace at Villafranca by his inability at the same time to prosecute the war with Austria and to resist the Prussian armies which were gathering on the Rhine. The implied inference, that France ought at all times to be a match for two great Powers, would have been absurd, if it had not served as a pretext for a great augmentation of the army. The results of the German war persuaded the EMPEROR that it was practicable and desirable to arm the whole population, but he is perhaps beginning to suspect that it would have been better to face the criticism of hostile politicians than to attempt the establishment of military supremacy on the Continent at the cost of provoking domestic discontent. With the exception of the officers and non-commissioned officers of the army, no class in France is really desirous of war. The assailants who covertly accuse the EMPEROR NAPOLEON of pusillanimity would have blamed him more severely if he had wantonly sought a rupture with Prussia in 1866 or 1867. War means new taxes and a more stringent conscription, and the little freeholders who mainly support the army desire to squander neither their money nor their blood. The whimsical republication of the various votes which constitute the EMPEROR's title has been naturally understood as an appeal from the Legislative Body and the press to the mass of the people. The popular faith in the Imperial dynasty is perhaps not yet seriously disturbed, but it is doubtful whether the dissatisfaction arising from the Army Bill may not largely affect the ensuing elections. The EMPEROR can point to no brilliant diplomatic achievement to justify his increased armaments. If his twelve hundred thousand men were doubled, he would be unable to prevent the independence of Germany; and a much smaller force would be amply sufficient to protect France from insult or aggression.

Some of the reasons of the existing discontent are accidental and transient. The distress which results from a bad harvest in all countries tends to produce political irritation, and Frenchmen, having been sedulously taught to ascribe all material advantages to the Government, logically hold it responsible for the seasons and the crops. The commercial stagnation of Europe and the protective tariff of the United States are severely felt in the manufacturing districts, and here and there obscure demagogues take the opportunity of suggesting the Republic as the alternative of an Empire which fails to ensure universal prosperity. There is no reason to suppose that disaffection has yet become general or serious, although it is not forgotten that since the fall of the old monarchy no form of government has yet lasted for twenty years. NAPOLEON III. is more firmly seated than LOUIS PHILIPPE, and he is incomparably abler and more prudent

than CHARLES X. After his late services to the POPE he may perhaps count on the support of the clergy in the country districts, and he has no reason to doubt the devotion of the army. His most formidable opponents are men of letters and orators, who influence the educated classes only; and universal suffrage effectually silences public opinion. It is reported, on doubtful authority, that the EMPEROR lately told an opponent of the right of public meeting that a hand which grasps the sword may be liberal in concessions. The phrase is probably apocryphal, but it expresses with sufficient accuracy the tenure by which political privileges are held in France. The restricted right of meeting which is to be authorized by the pending Bill scarcely needs the counterbalance of the sword; but the EMPEROR has often indicated a desire to grant some indefinite extension of freedom as soon as all opposition to his dynasty has been withdrawn. It cannot be said that he has been hasty in relaxing the bonds of the press or the prohibition of public meetings, but the Bills of the present Session will in some degree realize the Imperial promises. The only important approximation to a less absolute system is to be found in the additional importance of the debates and divisions in the Legislative Body; and the EMPEROR evidently regards the assumption of a partial independence with uneasiness and suspicion. Some of his most zealous partisans, who openly censure his tendency to liberalism, may console themselves with the certainty that he will never consent to Parliamentary or responsible government. In his pamphlet he reprints in full the proclamation in which, sixteen years ago, he denounced, with the familiar sophistry of despotism, the sterile discussions of constitutional Assemblies.

Although the EMPEROR has always been tenacious of his plans, and more especially of his military innovations, he will probably yield to the popular feeling if the new organization of the army continues to excite discontent. According to the calculations of the MINISTER OF WAR, the Moveable National Guard will consist of 550,000 men, and it would not be safe to alienate from the Empire an equal number of families. For purposes of defence the measure is needless, inasmuch as France is practically unassailable; and the Line of the army, with the Reserve, ought to be sufficient for any war which was not planned on an extravagant scale. The Government may not be disposed to encourage rioters by concession; but a dissolution will probably take place in the course of the year, and it might be unsafe to provide Opposition candidates with the materials of hostility to the Government. If the Public Meeting Bill passes into a law, electors will for the first time have the opportunity of discussing public affairs by themselves, and with those who desire to be their representatives. Little eloquence will be needed to expose the hardship of a universal and unnecessary conscription, and those who are most ready to pledge themselves to the repeal of the law will perhaps be preferred by the constituencies to their official competitors. The member for an electoral district is only returned by a fraction of the votes to which, in their collective multitude, the EMPEROR so constantly refers; but a Legislative Body containing a majority of members unfriendly to the Government might fairly claim to represent the most recent judgment of the nation. It is only by the aid of docile adherents that the EMPEROR has been enabled to tolerate discussion, and at the same time to retain the entire control of public affairs. A Legislative Body chosen to protest against a single measure might seek to check the prerogative in other directions, and, if a chronic struggle arose, the EMPEROR would be reduced to a choice between submission and restriction of the competence of the Assembly. At any sacrifice, the boasted eight millions of voters must be kept in good humour.

EARL GREY'S LETTER.

IT is pleasant, in the midst of the clash of Parliamentary recrimination and repartee, to be able to fall back on the mild wisdom of LELIUS and the statesman. While the House of Commons is amusing itself with the perfectly useless question of the natural history of Mr. GLADSTONE'S conversion, the Peers may, in the person of EARL GREY, survey a monumental and political mind. Whether, as the last theory has it, Mr. GLADSTONE as early as 1846 repudiated, in the secret confessional of his Oxford Committee-room, the principles which he openly avowed and published in Mr. MURRAY'S shop as late as 1841, or whether his conversion is only of three years' standing, is a subject as interesting to political physiologists as the stages of the development of embryonic life are to anatomists. These secrets of science may be left to experts; while common men may learn more from the plain processes of practical life as openly displayed in EARL GREY'S proposed treat-

ment of the Irish Church. It is not given to every politician to point to the consistent convictions of forty years, as EARL GREY does; nor does the mere fact of having always held the same view necessarily ensure our confidence in the man tenacious of his early convictions. But EARL GREY'S views about Ireland are something more than his personal conclusions. They are the traditions and principles of an important school of political thinkers. PITT and FOX, BURKE and WINDHAM, and the two EARLS GREY form a *catena* of authorities as to the best possible—that is, theoretically possible—policy towards Ireland. That policy was the suppression of Protestant ascendancy by reducing the Anglican Establishment, and giving at least a quasi-establishment to the Catholics. But the golden opportunity has been lost, and, as things stand, EARL GREY may, without fear of contradiction, appeal to the lessons of the past for countenancing that revised policy which he now adopts, which is that the Establishment must be disestablished, but not disendowed. It is of no very great importance to satisfy ourselves whether Mr. GLADSTONE'S prospective legislation is to be based upon the retention of endowments, in some form or other, for the disestablished Communion, because the term endowment is susceptible of more interpretations than one, and because there is hardly any meaning of which Mr. GLADSTONE'S utterances, or Mr. GLADSTONE'S elastic convictions, are not susceptible. But EARL GREY'S plan is intelligible enough. In substance it agrees with EARL RUSSELL'S so far as to propose to retain the whole of the ecclesiastical property in Ireland, but to redistribute it proportionally to the members of the three religious communities. Property once dedicated to or acquired for religious purposes EARL GREY is not prepared to devote to other than religious objects. Any application of the existing endowments to lower purposes he stigmatizes as “nothing short of robbery of the poor.” His scheme is simple, as well as intelligible. The property of the Church—excluding the churches, glebe-houses, and gardens, which are to be left to the Episcopal communion—is to be vested in Commissioners; the funds thus acquired are to be divided proportionally to the three communions—Roman, Anglican, and Presbyterian; the deficiency between the product of the share to be apportioned to the Protestant Episcopalians and the present incomes of the incumbents is to be supplemented by an equivalent annuity from the Consolidated Fund, gradually diminishing as the life interests die out. The State, moreover, is to purchase advowsons in private hands, and there are enthusiastic persons, we suppose, who believe that in most cases the patrons will gladly and willingly offer the purchase-money for the re-endowment of the disestablished cures. The most serious objection to this plan is the fatal one that it is equitable, statesmanlike, and preserves some religious principle. In point of fact it maintains the principle of the connexion of Church and State in the better sense of the term, while it abandons that of an Establishment. Shallow thinkers cannot be got to understand that the State may still recognise this substantial connexion, though it declines to invest any one Communion with ascendancy. The old argument for a State provision for religion remains in full force, even if the instrumentality for acting with constant and uniform impact on the moral and spiritual nature of the whole country is divided into separate levers and forces. The conscience of the community is recognised and supported by the conscience of the State—to go back to an unfashionable nomenclature—so long as there remains a separate and permanent fund for supplying that religious and moral teaching which in many cases and places neither can nor will be supplied by those who have not recognised, and never will recognise, the necessity of religious instruction. If EARL GREY'S plan does nothing else, it will suggest that endowments may exist without an establishment, that a State provision for religion may exist without an establishment, and further, that religious communities may have every freedom to manage their own internal affairs of doctrine and discipline, and may preserve their independence, and may develop their own organization, even though they are protected and recognised by, and so far connected with, the State. At any rate, he shows that disestablishment does not involve secularization.

EARL GREY is aware of the difficulties which attend this pacification, but he appeals to Mr. BRIGHT to assist him in removing or modifying them. Because these difficulties are based upon so-called religious grounds, most of us regret, but cannot avoid the conclusion, that they are insuperable. EARL GREY is more sanguine. He does not apparently think much of the Limerick declaration, and he seems to suspect that the clerical swagger which haughtily stands apart from the offer of good and secure in-

comes is somewhat hollow. He appears inclined to say that it is one thing for the fractious child to decline his dinner in the abstract, but that even the Ultramontane conscience will not be proof against the practical offer of a cheque. If the dishes are spread before the bishops and priests, to say nothing of the laity, "in a proper manner, and in a spirit of respect and conciliation," he thinks that what, in nursery language, is called the proud stomach will come down. Earl GREY certainly may say that we cannot tell what the Roman Catholics will accept till we have made them an offer; and that, at any rate, we may as well try, or tempt, their virtue or obstinacy. As to the second objection, which may be expected from the Protestant conscience regarding, or pretending to regard, the guarantee on the part of the State of a large portion of Church funds to a superstitious and idolatrous sect as an act of national apostasy and sacrilege, and again, from the Voluntarists, against reaffirming, in a multiplied form, the principle of endowments, Earl GREY takes a bold stand. If the thing is right, he would do it. Exeter Hall may howl, and the Liberation Society may yelp, but there is at least one statesman who is prepared to do a statesman's work, and let the curs of bigotry bark and snarl. Whether, in these days, he will ever get a hearing for such sentiments is rather a matter of hope than expectation. After a careful review of Earl GREY's most able and statesmanlike letter to Mr. BRIGHT, we are not without apprehension that some of our readers may cynically suggest that our present observations are misplaced, and that we should have given, not an Article, but a Review, to Earl GREY, and that we might just as properly discuss the Licinian Law as a scheme which can never get beyond the paper on which it is written.

There is, however, one consideration which certainly brings Earl GREY and his teachings within the sphere of what are called the practical men. He most indignantly protests against the way in which the Irish Church question has been brought before Parliament. This is some satisfaction to those who have hitherto maintained, and certainly with few allies, the position that, while the Establishment must be disestablished, and even that the hour of fate has arrived, the mode selected by Mr. GLADSTONE for bringing the question to an issue is ill-timed and factious. It is said that Earl GREY is not a competent judge on such a question; that they only who are in the hurly-burly of political life can be trusted with an opinion on the policy or prudence of moving Mr. GLADSTONE's Resolutions. Earl GREY is constitutionally dilatory; he is always waiting to make up his mind; always pleading for Conferences and Commissions and Committees, and for the necessity of approaching great constitutional questions with a calm mind and apart from party ties. We are told that a man who disdains party tactics, and has always stood apart from party organization, is morally, perhaps physically, incapacitated from forming an opinion on such matters. It is even hinted that he is piqued because he was not consulted by Earl RUSSELL and Mr. GLADSTONE and the Carlton Terrace Caucus. All that Earl GREY has to fall back upon is his character, and his forty years' services to the Empire. If he approaches the question of the day without passion, we should have been glad had his example been followed; better for us all if it had been anticipated. It may be quite true, and it is true, that the Ministry is disorganized, vacillating—betraying in some of its members, betrayed in others. But the one solid question remains—whatever the discreditable or ludicrous attitude of the Government may or may not be, will the success of Mr. GLADSTONE's Resolutions, proposed in the spirit in which they have been proposed, and carried under the conditions of universal suspicion, recrimination, taunt, contumely, and exasperation which must be the result of this week's debate, assist the settlement of this great question? Will it be other than disastrous to whatever Administration has to arrange the details of disestablishment? Will it strengthen the new Parliament? Will it soothe any passions? Will it remove any discords or heartburnings? Will it calm down any animosities? Will it preserve a single public interest except that sordid interest, best and dearest to a certain class of politicians—a grand opportunity of flinging gibe and taunt and sneer at each other, and of showing, after all, how very small are our greatest men?

POLAND.

IT is impossible, in the absence of special and local knowledge, to appreciate the practical importance of the ukase by which the ten Governments of the Kingdom of Poland are subjected to the general administration of the Empire. The

plough has often passed over the Polish nation, and the conqueror has sown salt on the site of its ancient institutions. There was probably little left to destroy, except the obdurate patriotism which has not yet been reached by any Imperial decree. Again and again the Poles have watched for opportunities of rising against oppression, but each defeat has left them weaker than before; and the malignant astuteness of Russia has perhaps discovered the secret of annihilating Poland by interesting the peasantry in the degradation of the classes which kept alive the national tradition. The venal pamphleteers who have proved in many tedious disquisitions that Poland was not inhabited by Poles have had little effect in convincing a multitude unacquainted with letters; but the rudest boor can understand that he holds his land by the gift of the EMPEROR, in defiance of the title of the former owner. Russia is the only Power which is still able and willing to practise religious persecution with the consistency which can alone make intolerance effective. In the old Polish provinces, if not within the limits of the Kingdom, the ignorant masses are forced or bribed to join the Orthodox communion, and the Roman Catholic clergy are forbidden even to communicate with the Holy See. Every measure which removes any fragment of separate unity tends to render the recovery of Polish liberty more difficult, and it may be presumed that the provisions of the Imperial ukase have been framed for the purpose of accelerating the process of destruction. Only the Lieutenant of the Kingdom remains to complete the work of assimilation with Russia, and probably his office will be abolished when the task is accomplished.

Before 1830 the Kingdom of Poland possessed an administrative organization, a suspended Constitution, and, above all, an army of its own. The liberalism which amused the youth of ALEXANDER I. had associated itself with a sentimental predilection for Poland; and at the Congress of Vienna the Russian EMPEROR affected to appeal to the national love of independence in opposition to the diplomacy of Austria and England. The cruel repression of the insurrection of 1831 by NICHOLAS was not followed by any general measure of confiscation; and it had not at that time been discovered that the population was Russian, and that it required protection against a foreign oligarchy. On the accession of the present EMPEROR, the Poles cherished a hope of the restoration of some of their rights, until they were undeceived by the harsh warning that no illusions were to be cherished, and by the declaration that all which the Emperor NICHOLAS had done was well done. Nevertheless, the policy of the Russian government of the Kingdom was directed by Polish advisers, and the personal superiority of native functionaries enabled them in a great measure to control the administration. The last revolt was provoked by the most insolent injustice, but it was undertaken against the wish and advice of the principal nobility, and it was condemned by utter failure. The Imperial Government learned that the Poles were still disaffected, and that they could make no head against a regular army; and at the same time it satisfied itself that the European Powers would not interfere with the persecution of the Poles, even if it extended to extermination.

Nothing worse could have happened to the nation than to have convinced a remorseless enemy that there was an excuse for hatred, and that there was no cause for fear. For four years the Russian Government has steadily proceeded with the incorporation of the conquered territory into the Empire; and unless some unexpected change of circumstances occurs, the existence of Poland will end, as its name has already disappeared from the official vocabulary. It unfortunately happens that Posen forms an indispensable portion of the great German monarchy, as it is interposed between Brandenburg and the province of Prussia Proper. In all internal contests, therefore, Russia can count on the aid of the Prussian Government, and it is only in Galicia that a fragment of the nation is still encouraged and protected. It was for the purpose of coercing or intimidating Austria that the propagation of Pan Slavism was originally undertaken, and a year ago it seemed that Bohemian and Austrian Serbia were disposed to transfer their allegiance to Russia; but a reaction has already commenced, and Galicia has never listened to the missionaries who announce that the Poles of the provinces are, as in the Kingdom, aliens and usurpers. It is through Galicia, if at all, that Polish disaffection may hereafter be used for the purposes of a diversion against Russia. In the Crimean war the allies refused to encourage a Polish insurrection, but it may at some future time be the interest of Austria to use every available weapon against her formidable rival. No other Power has the same motive for assisting the Poles, or the same chance of profiting by their alliance.

The formal suppression of the separate existence of Poland may be considered as a proof either that Prince NAPOLEON'S mission has failed, or that it was not addressed to Russia. The French Government has at all times either felt or affected an interest in Polish affairs, and an ostentatious proclamation that the Kingdom has ceased to exist would be an anomalous introduction to renewed diplomatic intimacy. It happens that all parties in France are opposed to a persecution which is directed at the same time against the Polish nation and against the Catholic clergy. In this instance, if in no other, the Church and democracy are agreed. The Emperor NAPOLEON has virtually acknowledged his inability to redress the wrongs of Poland, but he would compromise his popularity if he were regarded as an accomplice in Russian aggression. The neutrality or aid of France in the East would be cheaply purchased by Russia with a display of clemency in Poland; and as the price has not been paid, it may be assumed that no bargain has been concluded. The official statement that Prince NAPOLEON was not entrusted with any political mission confirms the belief that any overtures which he may have made were abortive. It is not improbable that the Emperor NAPOLEON may have desired rather to secure the co-operation of Prussia in a pacific policy, than to organize a combination of France, Russia, and Prussia, which would necessarily have been hostile to Austria. The Polish exiles know by painful experience that sympathy with their cause has never stood in the way of diplomatic arrangements; but for the present they have no special reason for fearing the establishment of a cordial understanding between France and Russia.

It is still doubtful whether it is possible to destroy a numerous race, or rather to deprive it of the identity which depends on language, customs, and religion. For several generations the apologists of Russia dwelt on the vicious institutions of the extinct kingdom of Poland, and on the anarchy which was supposed to justify foreign intervention. The reply that the Russians had themselves fostered disorder, and forbidden reform, might be conclusive in argument; but the defenders of wrong require, not a satisfactory vindication, but an excuse sufficiently plausible to impose on willing or careless dupes of sophistry. The Poles have redeemed many of their faults by the pertinacious valour and patriotism with which they have clung to the memory of their independence; and the errors of their ancestors are becoming too remote to exercise any influence on popular opinion. The newfangled doctrines of Russian ethnology are more dangerous than the sophisms which satisfied the contemporaries of CATHERINE. When the Russians assert that their enemies are an aristocracy, they seek to enlist on their side one of the most formidable of modern prejudices. It is true that all classes in the towns use the Polish language, and share the national feeling; and it was by the middle-classes and the artisans that the last struggle against Russia was concerted; but, unfortunately, the greater part of the Polish population is rural, and confiscated land is the cheapest and most effective of bribes. A labourer may understand nothing of the difference between Ruthenian and Pole, but he will scarcely refuse to recognise an alleged tie of blood which entitles him to convert his tenancy into a freehold. It is possible that the extraordinary elasticity of the Polish character may still avail to thwart the insidious designs of Russia. In the Kingdom and in the neighbouring provinces, whenever persecution is intermitted, the Poles are found at the head of society, and until a recent period they occupied many of the chief administrative posts. While they profit by every opportunity they are always found, even in the Russian service, to be devoted to the cause of their country, and the blunder of adding religious intolerance to political oppression may perhaps provide them with followers even in the ranks of the people. At present their prospects are darker than at any former time, but a sanguine and irrepressible faith has sometimes produced wonderful effects.

THE BRIBERY BILL.

THE proceedings of the Committee that recently unseated Mr. JACKSON for Coventry may be taken as an illustration of the defects in the present system of dealing with election petitions which it has become essential to remedy. With the justice of the decision we are not now concerned; it was doubtless correct enough, for if the charges brought against Mr. JACKSON'S agents had no foundation, his agents would have gone into the witness-box to deny them upon oath. As no attempt was made to rebut by positive testimony the *prima facie* case for the petitioners, it must be assumed that the inferior agents of the sitting member had been

guilty of practices which would not bear the light of cross-examination. Mr. JACKSON was not accused of complicity, and the Committee pronounced to this extent in his favour.

The Committee may have arrived at a correct conclusion, but when we look at the way in which its business was transacted (all according to the strictest precedent), it certainly does appear wonderful that so cumbrous and so curious a procedure should have lasted so long. The object of the proceedings was, we may suppose, to discover the truth—to know whether certain cases of alleged bribery could be substantiated, and whether the bribers were or were not agents of Mr. JACKSON, the sitting member. One would have thought that the first persons to examine would have been the sitting member himself and his inculpated agents. Nothing of the kind. Those who could give the most certain information were not examined or cross-examined at all. The inquiry, as usual, was perverted into a sort of sham lawsuit; and the result is that, if the decision ultimately arrived at be just, it is by the happiest of accidents. Such cases follow a regular course. The sitting member and his agents are not called by the petitioners, because the counsel who called them would, by a technical rule, be taken to have made them his own witnesses, and would not be permitted to cross-examine them. The petitioners are compelled to rely on what trumped-up cases of bribery they have been able by their spies to fish out on the spot, an operation of itself none of the cleanest. And as the sitting member's agents are too shrewd to go into the witness-box themselves of their own free will, Election Committees often have to seat or unseat members of Parliament on the evidence of men who, as a rule, are of a low *morale* and questionable veracity. When the Coventry Election Committee had heard all the evidence supplied to them, in addition to their main decision which declared the seat vacant, they came to two resolutions, each of which, considering all things, appears to us to be a ridiculous farce. First of all, they reported that it did not appear that the acts of bribery of Mr. JACKSON'S agents were done with Mr. JACKSON'S knowledge or consent. As a matter of fact, we dare say this was true enough. Mr. JACKSON is a rising Chancery barrister of unblemished character, and by no means one of the class of men who corrupt constituencies. But, be it observed, in exculpating Mr. JACKSON, the Committee (acting, no doubt, according to strict Parliamentary precedent) are whitewashing a man whom they have not examined, whose agents they have not examined, whose banker's book they have not overhauled, of whom, in fact, they know nothing more than we do. This is, we venture to say, Farce No. 1. Farce No. 2 is the resolution at which they lastly arrive, that "there is no reason to believe that corrupt practices have extensively prevailed at the last election for Coventry." This, be it observed, is no unmeaning formula, but one pregnant with very important consequences. It is a sentence which saves Coventry from a Bribery Commission. Charity, which hopeth all things and which believeth all things, leads us to hope and believe that Coventry was as immaculate as Lady GODIVA herself, at the last election, in spite of the peccadilloes of Mr. STEPHEN KNAPP. But truth, which is a virtue as well as charity, forces us to say that the Committee had absolutely no materials before them on which a sane opinion one way or the other could possibly be formed. They examined no candidate and no agent on either side. That is to say, they know no more in reality of the money brought into Coventry for the election than if they were children. All that they have learnt about the election comes from the few select witnesses whom the petitioners' Parliamentary agent, after careful discrimination, has put forward as the foundation of his case. It certainly is not the business or object of the petitioners, except in extreme cases, to disfranchise their own borough; and, accordingly, the Committee were totally unfitted to judge as to the real character of the election, on which, however, they do not hesitate to pronounce. Yet on such idle, trivial, worthless opinions as these the issuing of Bribery Commissions and the ultimate disfranchisement of constituencies depend. It is indeed high time to have a Bribery Bill.

The principle of a local, in the place of a metropolitan, inquiry may perhaps be considered as accepted. Government, upon consideration, have reverted to their scheme for trying election petitions by two Judges of the land appointed *ad hoc*. The chief objection to this plan has never seriously been answered. A reinforcement of two Judges would not enable the Bench to discharge properly a quarter of the enormous work imposed on it after a general election. The substitution of a local for a Parliamentary investigation will probably increase largely the number of election petitions throughout the country, unless, indeed, the terror of a search-

ing inquiry, and of possible subsequent disfranchisement, leads to a general system of corrupt compromises—a serious danger in itself, against which the Government Bill, we are happy to observe, attempts to provide. We may however, assume that, after the next general election, the two new Judges will have to try some sixty or eighty election petitions at the least. It is idle to talk of their obtaining assistance from their colleagues. The present staff of Judges at Westminster is not large enough to admit of such a diversion of judicial strength, and it is easier to enact that a Judge shall be "excused" circuit after serving three weeks at election petitions than to say what circuit is to do without him, or who is to supply his place. It can only be a barrister taken from his practice, or specially delegated to fulfil a judge's duty; and it seems a strange inversion of ordinary common sense to send barristers as Circuit Judges in order that Circuit Judges may try election petitions. Upon the two new "Honorary Justices" will, in any case, fall the chief burden of the sixty or eighty local investigations. As it is to be hoped that the work will be done in no perfunctory way, but that there will in each case be a complete and searching inquiry, a week at the least must be allowed to every contested petition—no very liberal allowance. Sixty petitions, at this rate, will occupy an entire Session of Parliament, and probably something more. The notion that the judicial robe is necessary to secure dignity for the proceedings is indeed a Parliamentary chimæra. Five years hence the whole thing will be forgotten, and we shall wonder what possessed the House of Commons to insist on having work done by Judges which could be equally well, or even better, done by a less imposing tribunal. For the truth is, that as long as election petitions are treated as lawsuits, bribery will never cease out of the land. The official who conducts the inquiry ought to have something of the public prosecutor about him. It should be his duty himself to dig into the root of the matter, and not merely to preside with majesty over a dispute between two contending parties, and to do justice between them. What is wanted in fact is, not a Judge, but a Commissioner.

It is rather on these grounds, than on any fanciful constitutional objection to entrusting election petitions to the decision of a single man, however eminent, that the Government proposal is to be impeached. Judges sitting singly in the Divorce Court, in the Probate Court, and in the Court of Chancery, decide every year without a jury hundreds of questions of fact involving the character and fortunes of individuals. Beyond all doubt the proposed inquiry before a Judge will be infinitely more efficient than the present loose system of a Committee. Sooner than see the Government Bill deferred for another year, especially when such an adjournment might throw it over a general election, it is to be wished that it should be accepted even with its inconveniences. Yet it involves a clear waste of judicial power. The trial of an election petition is not an operation of superhuman intricacy. What country gentlemen have done for years badly might be performed sufficiently well by barristers of standing and experience, and if questions of law arise, they might be stated as a special case by a Commissioner quite as well as by a Judge. For it is to be remembered that the Judges under the Government Bill are not to do everything. They are only to try the question of the vacancy of the seat. The graver question of the permanent corruption of the borough is not to form part of the inquiry. We are still, that is to say, after all to have the expense of Bribery Commissions where Bribery Commissions become necessary. We plead guilty to an inability to understand why the dignity of Parliament, which is satisfied with Commissions when the subject is the corruption of a constituency, suddenly finds it necessary to insist on Judges of the land when the rights of a sitting member are concerned. The truth is, that the feeling which draws the fine distinction between the two cases is a mere House of Commons' prejudice. All that Parliamentary dignity and the public interest require is that the inquiry in both cases should be conducted on the spot by efficient and experienced lawyers. The accessories of Judges' robes, sheriffs, trumpets, and a coach of antiquated shape are not essential in the one case, and we cannot conceive why they should be wanted in the other.

It may be said that an inquiry before Commissioners only involves the creation of an appeal from them to Parliament, and, therefore, a double inquiry, with double expenses. This is a pure misconception of the nature of any possible appeal. The evidence taken on the spot would be printed already, and the so-called appeal would, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, be formal only. The decisions of a Bribery Commission have never, we believe, as yet been challenged; and

it is unlikely that an Election Commission would ever find its sentence seriously impugned or overruled. As the facts of each case would be collected already in a Parliamentary blue-book, the appeal would resolve itself into a mere discussion of the value and effect of printed evidence. It would, indeed, be an extreme case in which the House of Commons interfered with the verdict of a Commission composed of men accustomed to extract and to weigh evidence. Contrary to the argument of Mr. WHITEHEAD on Thursday week, it is obvious that such a Commission would be far more speedy and immediate than an inquiry before Judges. The pair of "Honorary Justices" cannot be ubiquitous. They must take time, and the trial of the petitions after a general election will occupy even a longer space than now. The truth is that the Government Bill is only a half measure. The whole of our election system requires overhauling. It is better to do what is proposed than to do nothing, but far more will yet have to be done before we have exhausted all reasonable legal efforts to put down or to detect bribery.

HISTORICAL PARALLELS.

THERE are some minds in the world which seem incapable of catching a likeness, and there are others which seem equally incapable of catching what we may call an unlikeness. Both states of mind are unfavourable to the thorough investigation of history or of any other subject; but of the two the latter is decidedly the more dangerous. The man who cannot discern analogies will very often, through that lack of discernment, fail of reaching a clear and thorough insight into his subject; but it is not often that he will be led into positive error. But the man who cannot discern differences will be sure, almost from the nature of the case, to fall into mistakes at every step. And yet the latter failing is the one with which most of us will be the more inclined to sympathize, and that, in a certain sense, not without reason. To be caught with likenesses, but not to discern differences, is the weakness of a quick and clever mind. Not to be able to see likenesses at all is the weakness, or something more, of a mind not perhaps absolutely stupid, but a trifle slow and heavy. Yet the lack of discernment is unquestionably a more dangerous fault than the lack of insight. The one simply misses something which is good, the other supplies something which is positively evil. The slow man, who cannot see likenesses, will give an account of things which, though likely to be inadequate, may easily be true and accurate as far as it goes. But the over quick man, who cannot see differences, will be sure to deck out his story with false analogies, and so to give a picture which is distinctly wrong. When a man who possesses both faculties goes over the work of each, in the one case he will have only to supply what is lacking, while in the other case he will have to strike out what is positively deceptive. It may be pleaded, on the other hand, that the generous error of the imaginative man may supply valuable food for thought to the ideal corrector, that when he winnows away the chaff, he will find some good grain at the bottom. The dull man, on the other hand, will teach nothing and suggest nothing. This is perfectly true as regards an ideal corrector, capable of going through the winnowing process for himself. But it is not true as regards the great mass of people, who cannot winnow for themselves, but who must be led by those who can. To them the dull man, who is right as far as he goes, is distinctly the lesser evil. He will at least do as a makeshift till somebody better comes, while the brilliant deceiver is positively mischievous. The one will fail to point out all the beauties of the landscape or the richness of the country, but he will at least keep his party in the right road. The other will guide his companions to a splendid prospect, and will set forth its beauties with great eloquence, but the chances are at least equal that it will lie in an opposite direction to that in which they wish to go.

There is nothing perhaps in which this faculty and this lack of a faculty come out more strongly than in the treatment of historical analogies or parallels. Some minds are quite incapable of seeing an analogy. The real likeness between persons, periods, events, fails to strike them, if there be ever so little apparent difference—even that amount of difference which always must exist between any one event and any other event. Some perfectly external and superficial point of unlikeness hinders them from seeing a real and essential analogy. And not only this, it often hinders them from seeing a real point of unlikeness. Thus, to take a case which we dare say we have already quoted some time or other, the man who said that there could be no analogy between a modern European State and an ancient Greek commonwealth, because in the Greek commonwealth there was no printing, altogether missed the real points of unlikeness as well as the real points of likeness. Printing is a great invention, but it is, after all, only an improved form of writing. It is a much more important difference that the old Greek commonwealths made so much less use than we do of writing in any shape as compared with speech. And this comparatively small use of writing is the immediate result of the difference between a small State in a warm climate and a large State in a cold climate. There is nothing in any part of modern Europe, nothing even in the smallest Swiss Canton, at all to be compared to the constant

political talk which went on in an old Greek democracy. The Assembly was Cabinet, Parliament, Town Council, Ecclesiastical Synod, and Newspaper, all in one. When everybody heard everything, it was only a very small and thoughtful class that needed a written record. Here is a real and most important difference, but a difference which was most certainly not discerned by the man who could see only the purely superficial difference between printing and no printing. This difference, and other differences of the same kind, must always be borne in mind when we make any comparison between old Greek and modern European affairs. And yet these real differences do not hinder the existence of real and most instructive analogies. In fact there are two sets of analogies crossing one another. The civilized States of modern Europe and America have so much to do with one another, and have so much in common in various ways, that they have strong analogies with one another, irrespective of differences in language, forms of government, and social condition. But, on the other hand, all States, great and small, old and new, in which the power of free discussion prevails, whether in the form of free speech or of a free press, have also real analogies among themselves. To study history in a really enlightened way, both the likenesses and the unlikenesses must be studied, and must be ever borne in mind. A mind which can see only likenesses will run away perhaps with analogies which are really false, certainly with analogies which, even if true as far as they go, have to be balanced by cross analogies from the other side.

To take an instance of reasoning from a false analogy, Mr. Neate the other night in the House of Commons asked why Ireland could not recover, and even draw advantage, from its conquest by the English, in the same way that England did from its conquest by the Normans. Simply because there was hardly any likeness between the two events, except that both are called conquests. The Norman Conquest of England, though it did not, as people seem to think, happen in a day, happened once for all. The events of a few years gave England a foreign King and a foreign nobility, they caused a great many Englishmen to lose their lands and offices, they caused a great deal of misery at the time, and they were the ultimate cause of changes more important perhaps than any that happened at the moment. But the foreigners, almost by the necessity of the case, gradually accepted the position of Englishmen, and conquerors and conquered became one people. A hundred years later no broad distinction separated the one from the other. But the English Conquest of Ireland was going on for about six hundred years. Till a generation or so back, Ireland was still in much the same state as England had been during the first years of the Norman Conquest. Or rather it was in a much worse state. Normans and Englishmen could at least pray side by side before the same altar, while in Ireland the struggle, originally one of race, was further embittered by becoming one of religion. The hand of the Norman Conqueror was heavy upon many individual Englishmen, but he made no laws expressly to degrade the English nation. All through the last century the Papist—that is, practically, the native Irishman—was subjected to a series of legal disabilities worthy only of Philip the Second legislating for the Moriscos. And if, long before this, English or Norman settlers in Ireland had become *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*, there were never wanting new settlers passing over at various times to continue the struggle with the old people. Last of all, the Norman Kings of England became truly Kings of England. For a short time, perhaps, the Continental possessions of the Kings of England were more important in their eyes than their insular kingdom, but it was only for a very short time, and even then they did not make England a dependency of Anjou, in the way in which Ireland was made a dependency of England. To make Mr. Neate's parallel at all exact, there should have been in the fifteenth century a Norman or Angevin Lord Deputy of England fighting, sometimes at a great disadvantage, against whole districts inhabited by a population of Cedrics cleaving to the traditions of ages earlier. There should have been, two hundred years back, an English and a Norman people within this kingdom, the Normans holding a peculiar position of supremacy and keeping down the English by penal laws. Here there is an analogy which can only lead people astray, because it is a thoroughly false analogy. Mr. Neate spoke of the matter only in quite a cursory way; but then the analogy is rather a taking one, and it is quite possible that a flowing writer might deck it out so as to sound very plausible. If so, it would be only the more dangerous.

Perhaps, after all, there are no parallels or analogies—if they should be called parallels or analogies—so truly instructive as those which are to be found, not between distant countries and distant periods, but between the same nation in different stages of its growth. Strictly speaking, the repetition of circumstances essentially the same in the history of the same country is not to be called a parallel, but it so far partakes of the nature of a parallel that its consideration is exposed to exactly the same two classes of opposite dangers as the consideration of parallels more strictly so called. There is exactly the same danger both of neglecting likenesses and of neglecting unlikenesses. And perhaps, in this sort of case, the likeness is less apt to strike people in general than in the other class. A nation at an earlier stage of its growth seems, and in some points is, more unlike the same nation at a later stage than it is at either stage unlike another nation at an analogous point of national advancement. But, on the other hand, it is in another way more like, simply because it is the same nation and not another. There are obvious points of like-

ness between modern Englishmen and modern Frenchmen, or men of any other modern European nation, simply because they are contemporaries brought into close connexion with each other. But likeness of this sort is not analogy; it is rather, as far as it goes, identity. There is again, making the necessary allowances, a real analogy between England, or any other modern State, and any ancient State at an analogous stage. The likeness between Englishmen now and Englishmen a thousand years back is of a different kind. It is not strictly analogy; it is rather real identity cloaked by a real, though superficial, unlikeness. The look of the thing is so different that it requires a considerable gift of catching resemblances to see the real likeness. The external look of England in the eleventh century is so different from that of England in the nineteenth, that it is hard to realize that those distant times were in many respects more like our own than several of the intermediate ages. Yet there can be no doubt that there was then a much closer approach to modern Parliamentary action than there was for some ages after the Norman Conquest. A nation in one age can never be exactly what it was in any earlier age—first, because the mere costume, the names and forms, are sure to be different; secondly, because the mere fact that the earlier event has gone before it hinders the later event from exactly reproducing the earlier. Yet there is a cycle in the history of nations which does in a manner bring them back in later times to points at which they stood ages before. Thus Sicily has been twice, if not oftener, the battlefield of the East and the West, disputed first between Carthage and Gaul, Greece, and then Rome, and then between the Eastern Emperor and the Saracens. Here we get one sort of cycle; the same words and things are almost absolutely repeated. It is another sort of cycle when a nation itself seems to come back gradually and unconsciously to an earlier state. This happens especially with a nation gradually throwing off some intense foreign element. Thus Gaul has almost wholly got rid of the Frankish, and to a great extent of the Roman, element, and has become Gaul again. The picture of the state of things in Gaul just before the invasion of Caesar reads wonderfully like the state of things in the same country just before the great Revolution. The common King indeed was wanting, but the relations of the aristocratic and spiritual powers to the nation at large are wonderfully alike. So again there are pages of French history in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries which only want the names to be altered to pass for pieces of the history of the last decade of the eighteenth. So in England we have, as we have just said, gone back on some important points to very early times indeed; and in later ages the thirteenth century constantly, and in a wonderful way, forestalls the seventeenth. In all these things we want a clear eye to see the likenesses, and we want also a checking, a tribunitian power, to keep us from pressing the picture too far. We must keep our wits about us in these matters, as analogies, both true and false, are constantly flitting about the world. When the elder and the younger Buonaparte require us to recognise in them the antitypes of the elder and the younger Caesar, we allow the analogy to be as perfect as distance of time and in some respects of circumstances will let it. The main difference is that the Buonapartes were, after all, restrained within certain limits, while the Cæsars had the undisputed run of the then civilized world. With these necessary deductions, we accept the analogy, reserving to ourselves the power of judging as we please of all the four persons concerned in it. But when we are told over and over again that the younger Buonaparte, in his dealings with the Papedom, is a close reproduction of Charles the Great, we can only say, over and over again, that the analogy is a false one, grounded on an utter misrepresentation of the history. The *Times* was at it again only a few days ago. We can only remind our old adversary of the prophet's warning against him who, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck.

CYNICISM.

THE ill savour which hangs round the idea of the cynic is one of many instances of the wrong done by a characteristically sentimental age to every mood but its own. You can say nothing worse of a man or a book than to accuse him or it of being cynical, and this, therefore, is the stereotyped epithet which men are accustomed to fling at any view of things which displeases them. So habitually is this phrase employed in a bad sense, that people seem to have entirely forgotten that it is possible to use it in a good sense; that cynicism denotes an estimate of human fortunes, human capacity, objects of human desire, which, under certain circumstances, and with certain modifications, it is most wholesome for all men to be acquainted with and to appreciate. The epithet of stoical, which has in some degree a community of historic association with the phrase we are talking about, has not yet come into quite such low repute. It is still admitted to be moderately creditable to a man that he should be able to endure trouble with stoical fortitude, and prosperity with stoical self-control. Yet of course this wholesome faculty of self-containment in the presence and under the pressure of either fortune may easily run to an extreme, and may shut up the mind against that full play of hearty emotion which is so indispensable a condition of healthy and virtuous living. If to be a stoic meant to be incapable of anger, of rapture, of anguish, of ardent sympathy, of half-stifling disappointment, then it would clearly and assuredly mark, not a high condition of human nature, but a thoroughly low and poverty-stricken condition. A good many

people hug themselves for their stoicism, when in truth their business ought to be an immediate and laborious purging of themselves from a chilly selfishness that is really stoicism gone bad. Cynicism, too, is equally liable to go bad; but then people forget that it is possible for it, under proper and definable conditions, to be fresh and salutary, just as an acidulous condiment is salutary.

People usually mean, when they talk of cynics and cynicism, either simply a disposition to snarl and sneer indiscriminately at all men and things, or to take what in the eye of transcendentalism is a low, disparaging, and unduly critical view of the transactions and possibilities of human life. And if this were all, then nobody would hesitate very long in proscribing such a disposition as one of the most paralyzing and depraving influences by which anybody could be seized. But what does cynicism mean, or at any rate what ought it to mean, when used in a sense that a virtuous and rational man might decently undertake to defend? First of all, there is no defence whatever to be made for an absolute cynic; for a person, that is to say, who is always and habitually penetrated by the unsatisfactoriness of fortune, the pettiness of human effort, the inconsistencies and meannesses of men, and so forth. To have these aspects of things constantly present in one's mind is an unmistakable symptom of moral disorder. Mephistopheles is not a human character. A person who can never see in the endeavours of his fellows anything better than the preposterous efforts of so many frogs to blow themselves out into so many bulls, is plainly deprived by his theory of all fitness and helpfulness in human life. He might just as well, or even better, never have been born; he cannot do other people any good, and such good as he may seem to do for himself can only be an apparent and not a real good to a man who sincerely interprets things by such a theory. The insincere cynic is the feeblest sort of creature alive. The man who honestly despises the possibilities of his life, and honestly believes that, in the compact and gloomily significant phrase of the times, the whole thing is a mistake, may fairly be held to be the most terribly miserable of men; but any opinion which is held honestly and deliberately is entitled to a measure of consideration, even if it be a diseased opinion. That anybody should be affected and false at all is a horrid fault, but that he should affect a weakness, and counterfeit a disease, is a kind of fault which puts him out of court among even moderately sensible persons. Even when there is no pretence about it, cynicism, as a theory occupying a man's mind habitually, is bad enough, because it tends so violently to weaken the willingness to undertake and constantly to renew effort. If it has become part of one's vital set of convictions that the whole thing is a mistake, and must remain a mistake, there can of course be very little reason why we should put our shoulders to the wheel, or try in any way to repair so overwhelmingly disastrous a state of things. All this is pretty obvious, just as it is that to be habitually and confirmedly stoical is no virtue. In either case a man's accessibility to a great variety and sweep of emotions is diminished, and by so much is the fullness of his existence impoverished.

The cynic, therefore, is only a defensible person when his cynicism is not a confirmed habit, but a passing mood. As a comprehensive theory of conduct and human destiny, it is dwarfing and wretched; as one of many ways of looking out upon things which lays hold of a man in its turn, it is almost an essential of anything approaching to a full and many-coloured nature. Who would think well of a man who should say with truth that he had never known what it was to be in very bad spirits? Liability to depression is a first condition of that sensibility which is in turn the first condition of a fine nature. And, after all, what are very low spirits but a sort of unformulated cynicism—that is, they imply all that cynicism implies, so far as it is true, while they convey none of its comfort and solacement. For cynicism is only a trick of looking at life through the wrong end of the glasses. Everything is made attenuated and tiny and remote. The goal which to plain sight is near and glittering becomes pale and overwhelmingly distant. Those great heroes with whom we hold daily conversation are seen to be pigmies. The motives which in common daylight are more than passably good suddenly become poor and equivocal. The span of man's days appears absurdly narrow, the thread of all his aims preposterously slight, the sum of his attainments infinitesimal. It will be seen that a mood in which all these things occur to a man is not purely egotistical. His reflection is not the mere pinched and profitless thought that he is a poor devil, against whom fortune harbours an inveterate spite. From this kind of meditation no good can possibly come. But the moment anybody in trouble recognises the broad fact that trouble is a part of the universal scheme of things in this world, he instantly gets on to comparatively high and open ground. If his low spirits never leave the egotistical or closely personal stage, what way is there by which he may escape? His depression stifles him, and quenches the very sparks of effort. But as soon as he feels that, after all, he is only one among many, and one as others are; that if his better aims are perforce left unfulfilled, so are those of most; that if great Circumstance is too much for him, so is she too much for his fellows, then he may indeed remain depressed, but his depression has become in a manner humanized and made sympathetic. A cynical persuasion that men are not much better than mites scrambling over the surface of the globe does not necessarily make one of the mites regardless of the claims which the rest have upon him, and a consciousness of this obligation on his part is itself a long step out of the cynical humour. Of course in this humour one is not very tender of the arts and pranks and mechanisms by

which men think to add a cubit or so to their stature, and on the strength of this to lord it over their companions. From not quite understanding all this, the world has constantly reproached its greatest humourists with cynicism, implying in the charge all sorts of moral poverty and wrongheadedness. The secret of the character of the true humourist is sympathetic insight into the weaker places of human nature, into the inconsistencies between conduct and creed, between the loftiness and amplitude of design and the meagreness of performance; he sees the faint mark left by the stupendous effort of many lives, he sees men habitually judging by standards by which they could not endure to be judged themselves, and all the rest of the great human drama, and he contents himself with reflecting that such is the way of the world. There is surely nothing particularly ill-natured in thus keeping your eyes open. What harm is there in letting yourself perceive that mortals are not as gods, and that their fortunes are not always godlike? Yet this is all that presents itself to the mind of a sensible and humane man in his most cynical mood, and it actually makes him more humane, as the consciousness that he has companions in misfortune will stir a person to effort which he would never have attempted for himself.

There is a sort of cynicism which brutalizes; for example, when Frederick II. replied to somebody who was talking humanely of his brother men, "Ah, er kennt nicht diese verdammte Race!"—"You don't know that damned race." This is, perhaps, rather devilishness than cynicism. And in all cases it is a bad sign when one calumniate the human race in the third person. If Frederick had said that "we" are a damned race, his condemnation would have been ever so much more bearable. It is permitted to nobody to speak ill of his species without including himself, expressly or by pretty direct implication, and if he does this we may be quite sure that there is nothing too vicious or vindictive in his spirit. A general assurance that we are all given up to shadows and vanities does not stand in the way of urgent and serious individual endeavour. It is not without significance that the book in the Bible which breathes throughout the most tremendous cynicism is also that which most weightily urges duty and god-fearingness. The same preacher who declared that he hated life, because all the work that is done under the sun was grievous unto him, and was vanity and vexation of spirit; who in some moments was so impressed with the confusion and emptiness of life as to feel that there is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink and delight his senses; yet still thought it good to teach the people knowledge, and declared duty to be the conclusion of the whole matter. The fact that a bad man constantly seems to fare quite as well in the world as a good man was a puzzle to Solomon, as it has been to men before and since his time. When the cynical mood possesses one, this stands out very strongly; if a man has a capacity for being cynical and nothing else, it is perhaps too strong for him, and gives him a final push into antinomianism. But it is more likely than not that he was a moral outlaw to begin with, and that he only takes up a cynical formula by way of pretended justification. Anybody with a moderately clear head soon rescues himself, as the Preacher did, by the reflection that, after all, the only reward that we can certainly count upon for being just—namely, the consciousness of being just—is as adequate as another; or that, in a lower sphere of thinking, to have deserved success is, from the subjective point of view, identical with actually winning it.

A cynical estimate of what success it is possible for men to achieve outside of their own character naturally tends to throw people more and more into the kind of success which, even in their most depressed moods, must seem to be certainly worth having. To think meanly of all that the world and your brethren can do or care to do for you, to see the hollowness of the most flashy prizes, to wonder why we should strive and strain so violently for so little—all this, and the other things which occur to men in their gloomier hours, must at least incline them to more strenuous pains with the one thing of which they can make sure, their own character. The more damned you think the human race, the more reason why the individual should try to push out of so unfortunate a ruck.

AMERICANS ABROAD.

AMERICAN nature is essentially active and locomotive, and St. Aldegonde's device—*repos alleurs*—might be the motto of the nation. The untiring energy which, regarding toil as a pleasure, has made Americans what they are, seems equally to make their pleasures a toil. If they stayed quietly at home and stuck steadily to business, they would probably lead happier lives, as they would die richer men. But fashion, curiosity, and restlessness send them abroad. They may make the pursuit of the dollar the great aim of their lives, but, like all good sportsmen, it is the chase more than its object that fascinates them; and if they like making money, they think that spending it is the next pleasantest thing. They behave towards their neighbours with free-handed generosity, and the most hardworking citizen may well feel at times liberally disposed towards himself, and inclined to take a holiday. They love excitement, and it is far more congenial to their tastes to rush over the world, scattering their money, than to lounge their leisure away in the hotels of Newport or Saratoga, while they toss their dollars by handfuls out of the windows. But the habits and feelings of a life are not to be cast aside with its tasks. To *flâner* is an art not to be acquired at will; it is impossible all of a sudden to

discharge the mind of its load of care and business, and to fill it with trifles, or with what may pass for such. Moreover, Americans, on landing in the Old World, find themselves with a boundless field before them to be explored, and with very inadequate time to give to it. While conscience bids them halt at one particular place, a thousand others with no less pressing claims beckon them onwards. We may sympathize with the despondency with which a slightly educated foreigner must start on a six months' tour among countless unfamiliar objects; and when he has cultivated his mind a little, and knows something of Europe and its associations, despondency must be apt to merge itself in blank despair. An American must start for Europe with an oppressive consciousness of the shortness of life. His best comfort during the enforced inactivity of the ten days' passage lies in the thought that the most powerful engines which imperfect science can construct are bearing him onwards. Still, inaction is generating a propulsive force that shoots him forward on his journey the instant he sets foot on European soil. Who has not met the familiar type of travelling American, as he hurries along as if pursued by avenging furies—the tall, lank figure, either with very high-buttoning waistcoat or very ample shirt-front, the frock-coat floating away from the armpits, the long hair and whiskers blown backwards, the lofty hat rubbed up against the pile. The wearer looks as if still ruffled by Atlantic gales, as if ever since he came ashore he had been in too rapid motion to spare time for the toilette. Like the Wandering Jew, he accepts his destiny while longing intensely for its fulfilment. He presses on his journey with grave and saturnine face, and sad earnest eyes bent upon space. Like that mythical Israelite he looks in training for combined toil and travel that would prostrate more powerful frames. Americans abroad are a peculiar people who carry the unmistakable stamp of their nationality in their features, costume, and manners. You may know them at a glance, as easily as a Jew or a gipsy. And, disguise themselves as they may, they have but to open their mouths to be betrayed by their speech. The consciousness of mutual prejudices keeps them apart from the nations among whom they are travelling, even where difference of language does not interpose its barrier. They roll through Europe like so many erratic globules of mercury, refusing to blend with foreign substances, but with an irresistible natural affinity for each other. Still, with all their fondness for society, you continually meet with solitary Americans. Once landed in the old hemisphere, they are literally so far abroad that, as practical men, they feel that they must see the unknown country before them on some pre-arranged principle, or their expedition will be a failure. Their obvious alternative is to chalk out a tour, and to make the main points in it with high-minded conscientiousness; to abdicate the right of private judgment, and to resign themselves blindly to the guidance of Murray, or whomsoever else they may select. A line once chosen, they stick to it manfully; and where their path separates itself from that of any travelling acquaintances, they follow it out, although perhaps with the same sense of loneliness that oppresses the solitary wanderer in the Sahara. They seek distraction in continual work and change of scene, but, with beings so gregarious, the longing for companionship must often become intense. As abnormal circumstances create extraordinary friendships, so the tie of a common language may link them to some passing Englishman, converting him into an unwilling *cicerone*, when they cling to his shoulders as the Old Man of the Sea to Sinbad. Uncongenial companionship is apt to magnify peculiarities into crimes; and, accordingly, the circumstances under which the travelling Englishman and the travelling American see the most of each other are sometimes little calculated either to soften down mutual prejudices or to leave agreeable impressions.

Male tourists, having but little time to waste in sacrificing to the graces, generally carry valises so light as hardly to be classed as *impedimenta*. When accompanied by their families, things are very different. One cannot easily forget those huge black leather packing-cases, numbered (and made to a pattern, which, when raised by the combined strength of the railway staff, fall with a crash on the roof of the hotel omnibus that waits with its grumbling load. You read on their tops in fair white characters the names, the streets, the cities, and the native States of your fellow-travellers. At least they may give you a clue to the political proclivities of the owners, and save you the risk of outrageous delicate sensibilities in the course of conversation. They contain the gorgeous toilettes with which, at *tables d'hôte*, the ladies of the party dazzle English and Teutonic guests, and outshine even French ones. With American birds of passage, one remarks, as an ornithological phenomenon, that while the male is severely sober in his attire, the female is gorgeous in her jewelled and golden plumage. She generally carries it off wonderfully well, although a sensitive taste might have suggested a more suitable apparel. Looking at the men, we may fancy that the Anglo-Saxon race deteriorates in the New World, but there can be no question that America is prolific of pretty women. Looking at the graceful figures, *piquant* features, and transparent complexions of the younger ladies, we can understand, if we cannot excuse, Hawthorne's severe strictures on English beauty. But indolent habits and incommensurate appetites are a trying ordeal, and we soothe our startled patriotism by remarking the faded roses around whom those fair buds are clustered. Perhaps what most disenchant the admiring Englishman is the shrill notes that issue from those delicately chiselled lips, and the mannerisms, more or less marked, that diversify the brilliant flow of their

talk. In the first, whether patriotically vaunting some American institution, or simply asking to be helped a second time to some tempting dish, you always detect something of the shrill scream of the American eagle. In the second, their colloquial style seems modelled on such standard authorities as Mr. Biglow or Artemus Ward. Ladies and their luggage must, of course, somewhat hinder locomotion, but still even large family parties get through a very creditable quantity of work. It says much for the energy of the head of the house that he can so well overcome the *vis inertia* of his womankind. Ladies naturally care more than men do to study "the conventionalities of that amazing Europe," and, amid all the hurry of their journey, the glitter of even petty Courts has irresistible attractions for them. American diplomatists are by no means suffered to eat the bread of idleness, and they see much more of their compatriots than would satisfy the most ardent home affections. Such distractions apart, the ladies show themselves helps meet for their husbands or fathers when they come to despatching Alps and lakes, and churches and picture-galleries. One cannot help speculating on the mental results of their extraordinary industry. What a glare and blaze of colour, like the bits of painted glass shaken up in a kaleidoscope, must be present to their minds' eye after racing round all the Titians, Tintoretos, and Pauls Veronese of Venice. What a nightmare of Christian saints and Pagan gods, dying cardinals and snakes wreathing themselves round Madonnas, after a rush through Rome from the Vatican to the Capitol. Cook's excursionists may feed equally quickly, but at least they swallow less at a time, and have a better chance of digesting it.

The very reverse of their travelling compatriots are the Americans who, settling in Europe, have generally made France the land of their adoption. They look on their wandering countrymen much as a colony of Romanized Goths might have regarded the incursions of their barbarian kinsfolk. They see in them, grotesquely caricatured, certain national peculiarities which, as they are too conscious, still taint themselves. The two classes have really very few feelings in common. French Americans are in many respects denationalized, and take little interest in the politics of their country, except in so far as its finance and taxation affect them. They have plenty of patriotism, but it lies dormant until roused by some such stimulus as the civil war. Like the Saxon courtiers at the Norman Court of the Confessor, with sound American hearts they affect the society, the manners, the dress and language of the foreigner. As to the language, the second generation takes to it so easily as to prove that it is merely want of opportunity that prevents the ordinary American from surpassing the boasted proficiency of the Russian. Foreign Americans must have large incomes. Paris is at best no place for a poor and idle man, and the brilliancy of their equipages, the splendour of the ladies' toilettes, outline in the Bois de Boulogne the mass of Russians and Mexicans and French of the *haute finance*. But they are generally rather young men, many of them of old Dutch or English families, and most of them with fathers in the States, whose chief duty it seems to be to see that their sons' allowances are regularly paid. Their manners savour perhaps rather of the ease of the French school than of the rigid Puritanism of New England, but they are not the less pleasant companions that the angularities of national prejudices have smoothed themselves down. Whether at Paris in spring, at the seaside in summer, or at Pau in winter, their hospitality is boundless, even under circumstances that might excuse them from offering any. You have time really to become acquainted with them, and they grow upon you day by day. Indeed, the more you know of Americans of every class, the more convinced do you become that there is generally sterling ore under the least prepossessing exterior. The worst of it is that, as they shoot rapidly by, people only catch a glimpse of the surface, and can but guess at what there is beneath. It would be unjust to dismiss Americans abroad, without a reference to those whose books have done so much to add to the charms of travel. One cannot forget how Washington Irving has peopled the Alhambra and Andalusia with figures that live and breathe; how Motley and Prescott have rummaged out of the dust-covered archives of Simancas a series of portraits of character scarcely less vivid than those of Titian or Velasquez, nor can one be ungrateful for such pleasant gossip as Story's *Roba di Roma*. Even in a glance at American travellers, as hasty as the bird's-eye view which most of them snatch at Europe, it is impossible to overlook the presence among them of men of rare gifts and high cultivation.

AUSTRIA AS A LIBERAL POWER.

THE conversion of Austria to liberal institutions, peace, and progress has been so rapid and unexpected as to excite doubt in the minds of most English spectators. The Austrians have hitherto been counted among the slowest political thinkers in Europe. Can it be that the change is real, and that the gloomy old Empire is henceforth to be classed among the two or three free nations of the world? By their fruits ye shall know them. Let us see what the new Austria has done so far to identify herself with freedom—what exertions she has made to win the sympathy and goodwill of Englishmen. It is easy to say that a Parliament has been assembled holding the power of the purse. The same thing has existed in France any time these many years. Yet we see that a Parliament can be packed as well as a Committee, and that the efforts of reformers may be checked as effectually by an obsequious

majority as by the sternest of tyrants. Inquirers cannot be put off by pointing to nominal institutions. They will ask "What practical fruits have been brought to maturity?" It is not by a series of diplomatic notes that the policy of a government is to be judged, but by the measures actually carried and put in practice. Before the disastrous war of 1866 had shown the weakness of Austria, and the aggrandizement of Prussia had turned all eyes upon the new military rival of France, the Austrian Empire was chiefly considered as an agglomeration of semi-barbarous warlike states. Now we are asked to regard her as an enlightened self-governing Confederation, presided over by a constitutional monarch. We are bound to say that so far she has acted up to her pretensions.

In two remarkable instances Baron Beust's Government has sought to draw closer to England. The Minister himself came to this country in October last, spending only two days in London. During his short stay he visited Lord Stanley, and sought to learn the views of the Cabinet on the Eastern question, being prepared to adopt them as nearly as might be. The reply appears to have been, "We have no views, except to reserve our action on future complications as they may arise." We are far from quarrelling with Lord Stanley's reticence, and only mention the incident as one among many proofs that Austria desires to act with England in relation to Eastern affairs, as well as to follow her in free government and free trade. Within the last few days the Austrian Cabinet has taken the extraordinary step of translating the "Red Book" on foreign affairs from November, 1866, to December 31, 1867, into English, declaring thereby that English opinion is considered at Vienna to be valuable above all others, and that its verdict is demanded on the course of politics lately pursued. Besides, Baron Beust desires to point to his honest endeavours to support a policy of peace in Continental Europe and of liberality in affairs civil and religious. The first volume contains an introduction reviewing the conduct of the Austrian Cabinet in four great questions. Section I. is headed "German Affairs—the Luxemburg Complication." Section II., "Relations to Italy—the Roman Question." Section III., "Oriental Affairs." Section IV., "Politico-Commercial Affairs." The documents in the body of the work only concern the first two heads; the rest are contained in the second volume.

No English politician can affect to be otherwise than grateful to the Austrian Government for the course pursued by it in the Luxemburg question. After the sudden close of the war of 1866 Napoleon applied for the price of his forbearance. But Prussia was in no mood for resigning German rights over any inch of German soil. Stung by the affront of a curt refusal, France espoused the cause of her ruler, and cried out for war. Prussia was proud of her late successes, and confident in the power of her legions, with their famous weapon. The press in both countries took up the quarrel, and the calmest spectators looked to the future with apprehension. The alliance of Austria was eagerly sought for. So strong was the need of her friendship felt to be by Prussia that Count Bismark did not hesitate to bid high for it. Something very like a re-adoption of *Cis-Leithan* Austria into the German Confederation was proposed, and it was hinted that the safety of the non-German provinces would be secured because Prussia would be a member of the alliance. Here was a great temptation. With Prussia and Russia at her back how easily might Vienna have crushed her rival, Pesth! How sweet to the victims of 1866 to march as conquerors upon Paris, leaving behind the non-German nationalities discontented, indeed, but overawed. And if this course were considered too hazardous for Austria, how easy to take no part in the matter, leaving the heated rivals to fight out their quarrel, and standing by to use the defeat of either to her own advantage. But Austria had embarked on the policy of peace and improvement. She remained faithful to her new line of conduct, and not only refused to add to the existing irritation, but took the initiative in seeking for a peaceful solution of the question. Baron Beust proposed two schemes calculated to enable both the angry disputants to withdraw with honour from the contest. After much difficulty one of them was accepted, and became the basis of the arrangement finally adopted. Baron Beust's despatches at this crisis are models of tact and plain-dealing. We are apt to take credit to ourselves for an effective share in bringing about the fortunate result; yet how disinclined our own Cabinet was to the proposal of a Conference, and how pressing was the danger, may be seen by the telegrams that passed between London and Vienna. On the 27th of April Count Apponyi telegraphed to Baron Beust as follows:—

The project of a Conference is not very welcome here. Previous settlement of the basis is at any rate desired, and the details of the proposition made known here yesterday are waited for.

A quickening message was sent from Vienna on the 29th of April:—

To prevent the armament question from rendering the situation more dangerous, the Conference cannot be postponed. I may assume that this view is shared in Paris. Urge England to accept the Conference, with or without a basis. We propose that each of the three Powers—Austria, England, and Russia—shall address an invitation by telegraph to Paris, Berlin, and the Hague, without previously agreeing about the text. Only, the Ambassadors should be instructed to execute their commission at the same time.

The effect of this message was soon apparent, for, without loss of time, on the same day Count Apponyi was able to answer:—

The English Government accepts the Conference at London without reserve. Lord Stanley raises no objection either to a collective or separate invitation, but prefers the initiative of the King Grand-Duke, and issues this evening a circular in that sense.

There was, indeed, no time to lose, for on the same evening Count Revertera telegraphed from St. Petersburg that "In view of the French armaments Count Bismark does not think he can wait longer without making preparations for war." Nor was the danger yet entirely past. During the delay preceding the meeting of the Conference, passion still held sway over judgment. On the 7th of May Baron Beust telegraphed again to Count Apponyi:—

If the Conference is not yet opened, I pray you to urge despatch. The French armaments will otherwise be followed by a Prussian mobilization.

In view of these and other despatches, it is not without reason that Austria claims to have greatly contributed to the preservation of peace in Europe. The task cannot but have been a painful one, nor was it rendered lighter by Count Bismark's publication of the "offensive and defensive alliances" between Prussia and the South German States—alliances which had been concluded at Berlin in August, 1866, but kept secret until they were used as a menace to France in the midst of the negotiations. Determined that nothing should turn her from her path, Austria closed her eyes to all such sinister indications. She has also refrained from backing France on the question of North Schleswig, though the 5th article of the Treaty of Prague remains unfulfilled to this day.

A still clearer proof has been offered of Austria's peaceful intentions and enlightened views by her conduct in the Roman question. The despatches on the subject show clearly that, while the Cabinet of Vienna could not approve of a violent breach of the September Convention, neither was Austria prepared to quarrel with Italy because Garibaldi's heart was stronger than his head, and Italian aspirations seemed likely to overleap the bounds of good faith. Baron Beust accepted with equal cordiality the proposal of France for a Conference, and the rider of Count Bismark demanding a preliminary deliberation of the five Powers. Though Austria, in concert with England and France, guaranteed the execution of those articles of the Treaty of Paris in 1856 which imposed limitations to the extension of Russia's naval power in the Black Sea, and though her interests are endangered by any weakening of the Ottoman Porte, she was nevertheless found recommending all possible conciliatory measures between the Sultan and his subjects. She recommended a peaceable settlement of the Montenegrin disputes; she advised the withdrawal of the Turks from the Servian fortresses, and endeavoured to bring about an agreement between the Great Powers on the Eastern question. She refused to take part in the collective note suggested by France early in May last, because it involved a pressure upon the Porte without the assent of England. When England agreed to a proposition for an inquiry into Cretan affairs, Austria was instantly found adopting it. Indeed, throughout the whole of Baron Beust's foreign policy it is difficult to say which most prevails—the desire for peace or the determination to act, as far as possible, with England.

In "politico-commercial" affairs the task of the Imperial Government is more difficult, though its policy is still characterized by the same general tendencies. Free-trade does not disclose its value to a whole nation at one flash. The trading classes are slow of learning that it can be to their interest to part with protection, and to receive nothing in return for what they consider their own sacrifices. But this lesson, like others, is being gradually learnt. A provisional commercial treaty was made with Great Britain in December, 1865. The war put a stop to the arrangements projected on both sides, and then actually under preparation. The stipulations contained in the treaties of peace with Prussia and Italy threw new work upon the Government relative to commercial affairs, and the conclusion of the treaty with England has been somewhat delayed. It is now on the point of completion. The negotiations with France were brought to a successful issue in December, 1866, and some difficulties thrown by France in the way of Prussia's commercial treaty with Austria were removed at the earnest request of the latter Power. Austria has lent her good offices in support of the extension of the Zollverein. She is pushing forward railway international intercourse, and has given her adhesion to liberal measures relating to posts, telegraphs, and uniform coinage.

If space permitted, we might add a still longer array of liberal improvements in the foreign policy of Austria, but it is time to cast a glance on her internal affairs. And here we cannot but be struck by the vigorous reforms carried or in prospect. Thoroughly sobered by the common danger, Germans, Hungarians, and Czechs have drawn near to each other for mutual protection and advantage. The good spirit which prevails has lately been illustrated in a remarkable manner by the happy termination of an event which threatened to cause serious disturbance in the Hungarian delegation. A hot-headed officer, placed on the floor as a mere mouth-piece of the War Minister, spoke as if with authority, and challenged the opinion of the delegates on a question of Imperial magnitude relating to the unity or duality of the army. Only a few months ago this would have led to a dissolution. On the 13th of March, 1868, the War Minister went down to the House, disavowed the language of his subordinate, and stated clearly his determination to act in strict obedience to the law. If we look for reforms in the army and navy, we find the Commander-in-Chief, the Archduke Albrecht, placed under the War Minister, who is responsible to Parliament, and who has been carefully selected as the officer of highest attainments in the country. The great majority of Colonels have recommended the abolition of

corporal punishment in the army. We see another Archduke removed from the direction of the navy, and his place supplied by Admiral Tegethoff, a man well known for his straightforward independence of character. We find the Hungarian Budget already in equilibrium, and there is a promise of the same happy result being accomplished for the rest of the nation. To effect this, taxes are laid on the owners of property, not, as in Italy, upon the poor, or upon the necessities of life. The Emperor himself appears rebuking the priestly opponents of reform, and telling them that henceforth the advice of his Ministers must outweigh his personal predilections. The places in the Government, once the birthright of a narrowminded section of the aristocracy—narrow for want of competition—have been filled with men trusted by the people. The army is undergoing reduction, and a scheme for its new organization will soon be submitted to Parliament. On the other hand, the delegations have not been niggardly in voting the needful supplies for the maintenance of civil and military efficiency. The last blows dealt by the Liberal Minister and the majority in the Upper House have broken the neck of the Concordat. The education of youth will no longer lie exclusively in the hands of a reactionary priesthood, nor will difference in creed be allowed to separate those whom God has joined together in the bonds of affection. The clergy must either educate the people or see them taught by Liberal schoolmasters. Since marriage has become easier, we may hope to see a higher morality than now exists; for, under the dominion of the priests, more than half the children born in Vienna were illegitimate.

Therefore we believe that the dual Confederation which bears the name of Austria is in earnest about practical reform within peace and progress at home and abroad. And if this be so, what is to hinder her from rising to a position never attained before? Confidence once thoroughly established, capital will flow in. Her railways will no longer be confined to a few triumphs of engineering, but will spread over the country, and convey abroad the metals of Styria, the corn of the greater part of the Empire, the wines and tobacco of Hungary, the cattle of Bohemia and Moravia, and the tasteful toys of Vienna. The soldiers, quartered in their own recruiting districts, will be content and ready to assist in such labour as may be necessary, and the army will fulfil its proper function as a great school for educating wild races, and training them into habits of obedience and civilization. But to this end statesmen are needed, and the aristocratic class must accept and discharge the responsibilities of their position. Good service done to the country must win its appropriate reward; the younger and poorer branches of noble families must learn that to hang on as pensioners to the State is unworthy of their great names, and that honest and useful labour is not unworthy. It is at times of crisis that character is developed, and if young Austria will put its shoulder to the wheel, the car will soon rise out of the rut. The destiny of Austria is in the hands of Austrians of whatever nationality. No exterior forces can accelerate or delay the progress of a nation which learns to govern itself.

THE JUDGMENT IN THE ARCHES' COURT.

WHATEVER may be thought of any other function which the English Ecclesiastical Courts discharge, and of the success with which they fulfil their final cause, if they have any, it is not doubtful that the judgments delivered by the great Church lawyers form a highly interesting literature in themselves. Lord Stowell, Sir Herbert Jenner, and Dr. Lushington have delivered what are usually called luminous and exhaustive judgments, which, as monuments of learning, have scarcely been equalled by utterances from the Bench in any other Courts. Sir Robert Phillimore's essay of last Saturday, which it took him four hours and a half to deliver, will maintain its position, even if compared with the best efforts of his predecessors. It is creditable to the judicial mind that the judge could venture, as he did on this occasion, at the same time to announce the bias of his own personal tastes, and to refer to the natural leaning of his researches, which were originally prejudiced, in the better sense of the word, by the accident that he had as counsel held a brief for one of the parties before the Court, and yet could preserve the serene impartiality of his new position towards a case in which he must have felt much of a personal interest. That the judgment in *Martin v. Mackonochie* is not to be appealed against is a strong testimony to Sir Robert Phillimore's deliverance. We do not propose to go through the judgment, with the particulars of which everybody interested in the subject is more than familiar. But we may learn something of the principles on which the judgment proceeds, and at the same time offer some rough and passing comments on the state of things which these suits and contentions illustrate.

There are two views which prevail about the Reformation. The one is that, in the sixteenth century, a new and definite idea possessed the mind of that complex and heterogeneous body of actors known as the Reformers, which it is supposed presented itself with clearness and precision to their minds, and which they set themselves to carry out with consistency and with a clear grasp of their subject and of the work in hand. The other is that the whole movement was vague, accidental, and tumultuary, begun without any positive or intelligible object, fluctuating, deviating, and inconsistent, surging backwards and forwards, and embodying only the caprice and hesitation

of politicians, women, boys, fanaticism and bribery. Looking at the matter even apart from evidence, the latter view recommends itself as being undoubtedly the most plausible and likely. The sixteenth century, and the current thought of that era, did not deal with great abstract principles. The minds of that epoch would as soon have thought of elaborating and constructing a church by first principles as they would a code or a form of government or a constitution. These things would, if announced, have been perfectly unintelligible to kings and bishops and statesmen, if there were any statesmen. The days for revolutions had not come. The idea of a revolution in Church or State or anything else could not present itself to anybody. The notion, therefore, that Dr. Cranmer or Dr. Luther, or Calvin or Zuinglius, had got hold of a great ideal—that of reconstructing ecclesiastical polity and doctrine according to some ideal of the first century—or of elaborating a scheme which was to combine every point on which the Vincentian canon insisted, and to discard every opinion which could not stand the test of the *Quod semper, quod ubique, &c.*, is discredited before you come to the evidence on the point. This sort of thing in those days was simply impossible. And, on the other hand, to believe that the Reformation meant, and started with the intention of embodying, a Church of the Future, is quite as unreasonable as to suppose that its object was to rehabilitate a Church or the Church of the Past. Viewed as a matter of history, every one who has mastered the materials of the sixteenth century knows that the facts of the case contradict such a theory. We know, as certainly as we know all about last year's Reform Act, that the thing went on by haphazard, and that nobody concerned in it ever realized clearly what he was about. The same writer appealed to all sorts of authorities, discordant and contradictory, just as it suited his purpose. It is quite true that, when the first and rougher stages of convulsion and confusion were over, it was generally thought desirable to reduce the chaos into order. But Acts of Uniformity, Thirty-nine Articles, and improved and amended Prayer-Books, and Ecclesiastical Courts, could only deal with the extant materials. At the best, they could but patch up, as is sometimes done in a painted glass-window, the scraps and fragments which would look pretty well at a distance, but have no plan or pattern or subject.

And this character of the result—the result which we are concerned with being the Church of England—would apply both to the discipline and to the doctrine, the form and externals as well as the theological substance of the community. This view, which we believe to contain the *rationale*—or, as some may think, the *irrational*—of the Church of England, is borne out by facts on every side. In the way of doctrine we have side by side the highest and the lowest views. It is difficult to divide some Anglican views of the Eucharist from Transubstantiation; on the other hand, it is impossible to deny that other authorities have announced principles which, legitimately carried out, end in the teaching of the Socini. And what is true of doctrine must, from the nature of the case, be true of ritual and form and ceremony. If the English Reformers had no clear view, as they could not have had, of any platform of doctrine, so they had no views of ritual. They kept, some of them, what they could not help keeping, however much they might have disliked it; they proscribed, many of them, that which they loved, and the loss of which they regretted. But that the English Reformers, in deference to the hardness of the popular heart, retained all ceremonial with reluctance, but with a reserved and fixed intention of getting rid of it all as soon as possible; or, on the other hand, that they submitted to the same popular ignorance with an economy, and a strong hope of bringing back ritual observances to the old form when the storm had blown over, is to invent an *ex post facto* theory and to attribute modern views to old men. That these tendencies, Grindalism and Traversism—that is, systematic and dogmatical Puritanism on the one hand, and the principles of Laud, Wren, and Montagu on the other—did come out in shape, and with a set purpose and scheme, as things went on, there can be no doubt. That either one view or the other is the Reformation view, and was maintained as the leading idea from the first, is what history flatly denies, or rather disproves. They did not exist, because there was no place for them. Men had not the mind or purpose to systematize. What some writers give us as the real account of the genesis of the Christian Church itself—viz. that it took form and body and organization and a definite dogma as time went on, and that it was developed by leisure and thought into a system from beginnings comparatively unformed and unsystematic—is certainly true of the Reformed Church in England.

As soon as we grasp this large central fact of history, we get the only view of the Ritual question—if we may so call it—which meets all the facts of the case. The Reformers, or rather the Reform period, having had no principle, this absence of principle comes out in their Rubrics and Directory for public service. They never contemplated a broad and consistent system. They lived only from hand to mouth, and very likely they thought that, as to the old practices, some of them might go, some might not; but they never intended to construct a scheme of these things which was to be construed and examined by the microscopic intellect of professed lawyers. As to vestments, lights on the altar, incense, bowings, confessions, processions, and things of this sort, they most likely thought, if they thought at all, which is very questionable, that time would settle these matters. Anyhow, they had quite enough to do with the evil of their own day without forecasting or providing for the future. They did—and they were wise enough in this—just as little as they could do. What they

could not help doing they did, and with no very good will. But they left undone whatever immediate exigencies did not force upon them.

As far as we understand Sir Robert Phillimore's judgment its excellence consists in this, that it does not go upon any great principles. It does not attribute to the Reformers, or to the authors of the Prayer-Book, those great and broad and consistent views with which it is the fashion to credit them. Nor does it seem to consider the Prayer-Book and the Rubric as a perfect model, completely planned, definite, and final. There are two principles which, from either side, have been freely attributed to the Prayer-Book, but which, in fact, are after thoughts. *Sinit quod non vetat: Vetat quod non exprimit.* If we could be quite sure of the relevancy of either of these maxims to the interpretation of the Prayer-Book, four minutes and a half, instead of four hours and a half, would have been enough for the Dean of the Arches. Either canon is too sweeping, too easy and convenient, to be accepted; and yet the former is what the extreme Ritualists contend for. Every pre-Reformation observance which is not either verbally forbidden, or, by the context of the present Prayer-Book, made impossible to practise, they say it is open for the clergy now to revive. On the other hand, everything which is not, in so many words, absolutely enjoined, the anti-Ritualists say is strictly prohibited. Sir Robert Phillimore falls back on neither of these views; and if it be said that he takes them both, first one and then the other, there is a sense in which this may be admitted to be the right course. And practically both of these principles must be allowed to have some force. There are many things handed down by tradition, and enforced by practice, for which there is no written authority. The Coronation Service, the Maunday Service, and many details of ritual are examples. In the region of doctrine, prayers for the dead have been in a most elaborate judgment vindicated and permitted, *because*, so Sir Herbert Jenner ruled, the Anglican Church must not be held absolutely to forbid what has not been expressly sanctioned. The Gorham judgment, after all, embodied much of the same argument. On the other hand, it is quite certain that, whether formally and verbally prohibited or not, such a ritual practice as the lighting of incense at a particular part of the service must be held to be excluded from the most elastic interpretation of permissible practices, keeping in view the general arrangements of the service, and their whole stress and intention. This is the sort of compromise on which Sir Robert Phillimore's judgment is founded. He forbids certain things, not because they are or are not justified or forbidden by the scheme of the rubric, but because it is manifest to common sense, and proved by constant practice, that the elevation of the consecrated elements, incense, and the ceremonial mixture of the chalice could never have been contemplated by the Prayer-Book.

After all, the judgment, or any other judgment in such a matter, amounts to very little. Larger, more serious and important, issues remain. The Church of England, like the helmet of the romance, has grown too large for its castle. Meant for a little island, a small community, a single race, and that race kept under strict control of soul and body by a vigorous despotism, it now presents itself for use to millions of people of all sorts of blood, intelligence, and capacity. What suits, or was supposed to suit, the state of things which produced Royal Injunctions has now to be applied to a Missionary Church, and yet all that it has to give to Malays and Patagonians, converted Buddhists and Hindoos is "Dearly beloved," and the scraps and shreds of Elizabethan compromises. The new wine—and very strong as well as very new wine it is—is in old, and very old, bottles. If the Church of England is to be oecumenical—nay, if it is to hold its own in the face of the different intelligences, tastes, and intellects within the four seas—it must find out some means, and we hope the Royal Commissioners will not, by any schedule and catalogue of things forbidden and things enjoined, prevent the discovery of such means, by which neither chasubles nor altar lights should be forbidden to those who like chasubles and altar lights, nor roaring hymns to those who like roaring hymns. The Church of Rome finds, or did find when it had any sense, room for the austere Cistercians and the learned Benedictines. Now it has fallen into the mistake of forcing on all its members the iron conformity of Ultramontanism. We are doing precisely the same thing when we attempt, by judgments and Royal Commissions and suits at law, to make the old cast-iron more rigid and unbending.

MARRIAGE AND THE PULPIT.

IF marriages generally are made in heaven, there seems to be no reason why a particular marriage should not be defended from the pulpit. The Order of Matrimony evidently contemplates a sermon as part of the ceremony, and though the rubric mentions the mutual duties of the newly-married pair as the appropriate subject of the homily, it need not be interpreted as excluding from view the duties of their neighbours towards them. Still a sermon of this kind, especially when preached by the bridegroom, is sufficiently rare to deserve some notice when it is met with; and we do not wonder that, after "placards had been extensively circulated in Stourbridge and the neighbourhood, announcing that on the 25th instant the Rector of Old Swinford would preach on his second marriage," an "eager congregation" should have "gathered from all parts." The event was made

additionally interesting by the fact that Mr. Craufurd had married "the superintendent of his domestic establishment," or, as we shall probably not be far wrong in calling her for the sake of shortness, his cook. From the text—"With me it is a very small matter that I should be judged of you or of man's judgment"—the congregation perhaps expected an exegetical demonstration that St. Paul himself was twice married, but Mr. Craufurd frankly admitted that the circumstances under which the words were first used differed somewhat from his own. Indeed, as we shall shortly see, he is so very well satisfied with his own conduct that the example of an Apostle would be merely a superfluous warrant. Still, though the opinion which the world forms of a Christian's conduct is characterized by "blind ignorance, and a spirit of censoriousness, if not of positive malice, which revels in evil and delights to vent itself in spiteful gossip," he had determined to give his parishioners an explanation of his conduct. In doing this he began from the beginning. He was the son, he told them, of "a soldier second to the great duke alone." Through his ancestors he was "not unconnected with the heroic Wallace," and "collaterally descended from the ancient lords of Craufurd, who ruled their broad domains in all the majesty of feudal state, before the mushrooms who now swarmed over the land had sprouted from their native dunghill." Nor had his mother's family been wholly undistinguished, since "one of them had been offered marriage by the Emperor of the French before he attained his present eminence, and by her rejected." It is a melancholy instance of human presumption that all this greatness, ancestral and personal, has not been enough to save Mr. Craufurd's own children from deliberate contumely. A man in his own parish "had once the effrontery to aspire to the hand of one of his daughters." Clearly, after this, a father could have but one course open to him. He sent his daughters away rather than subject them to the possible repetition of so great an insult. Our feeble laws are powerless in such a contingency as this. They can protect in an imperfect sort of way the woman who suffers bodily violence at the hand of a ruffian, but they cannot touch the far deeper smart of a female Craufurd—woman is here too commonplace a term—who suffers under an offer of marriage from one of her father's parishioners. For such a wound as this, flight and solitude are the only remedies.

Mr. Craufurd then went on to distinguish between a *mésalliance* such as that proposed to his daughter, and a *mésalliance* such as that just contracted by himself. Providence has decreed, it seems, that if a woman marries below her own rank she is justly "degraded for ever," since she will gradually be "moulded into the resemblance of her husband's coarse and vulgar nature." Heaven has fenced round the superior sex with no such restrictions. If a man marries beneath his own rank, "the lowly woman will be raised, instructed, refined, and made in all essential requisites a helpmeet for her more exalted lord." Having thus stated the general principle, he proceeded to apply it to his own case. "With such a woman it had been his will and pleasure to form an alliance—an alliance as little in accordance with his rank as was the beggar girl King Cophetua raised to royalty." Nor was Mr. Craufurd without good reasons for what he had done. First of all, he had the unanswerable argument that he wished it himself. He had lived alone till his health and spirits gave way, and then he had felt it necessary to choose a companion for his solitude. Where was he to look for a wife? Strange to say, the leading families of the county, "though in many cases their ancestors would have been proud to walk in the retinue of his," had "inhospitably neglected him." We are loth to believe such a charge as this, without hearing what the other side has to say. The aristocracy of Worcestershire will not, we are sure, sit silent under such an imputation, and it will probably be found that it is awe, and not indifference, that has kept them away from the Rectory of Old Swinford. Still this unlucky conviction of Mr. Craufurd's prevented him from seeking a wife among his equals in the county, and on the little social distinctions which existed in his own parish he "looked down as from a mountain top on so many molehills." For upon what were these distinctions founded? Upon money—money, which he "utterly and from his heart despised." If any of his parishioners should ever reproach their Rector with his wife's lowly parentage, we know from his own lips how the too adventurous assailant will be met. First of all, Mr. Craufurd will "regard him with a Christian smile"; next, he will put the soul-searching inquiry, "Who was your grandfather?" The imagination refuses to conceive the state of the unfortunate who has been subjected to this rebuke, and lived.

After rank and money had been rejected as qualifications for a wife, what remained? Virtue. He had looked out for kindness of heart, disinterested affection, and simple piety, and he had been fortunate enough to find all united under his own roof. He admitted that his wife was not "highly educated," but his pious and humble soul can afford to reject the vain accomplishments so common in the present day. What if she knows no other language than her own? Is not "one tongue generally sufficient for a woman?" What if she is guilty of some inaccuracies in speaking her own language? Who, he asks, again almost in the words of St. Paul, are they that judge her? And then comes a terrible catalogue of linguistic crimes. He "would take leave to inform some among his hearers that luncheon was not lunch, that a great deal was not a deal, that in order to ride in a carriage a horse or a donkey would require to be taken in, that awful was an adjective of too terrible import to be properly used before row."

"He did not know," he continued, with what the newspaper report describes as bitter scorn, "whether Ellen should be Hellen, or owl howl," but he owned he was "surprised to hear a gentleman who had a horticultural heating apparatus say that he could eat two houses but could not eat three." We cannot doubt that many of his parishioners must have writhed under this withering denunciation. The wretch whose conscience told him that he had sometimes asked Mr. Craufurd in to "lunch," or proposed to him to take a "ride" in his carriage, or entered upon the shortcomings of his hot-houses without being sure that he had his aspirates about him, must have trembled as he listened. After all, however, any comments which Mr. Craufurd's parishioners may make on his choice will not only be disregarded, they will be absolutely unheard by him. The happy pair have resolved to lead a life of almost absolute seclusion. All their time is to be devoted to three things—Mrs. Craufurd's improvement, which, as we have seen, is to make her by degrees a "helpmeet for her more exalted lord"; the duties of their station, that station which is the husband's by birth and now the wife's by marriage; and the preparation of their souls for heaven. Where the grace of humility is present in such rich abundance as it is in Mr. Craufurd it seems almost superfluous to devote any time to this last-named object. However, the "mere mention" of heaven leads him into a strain of concluding reflections for which the earlier part of the sermon was an admirable preparation. "How unworthy," he cries, "of serious regard are all the differences of rank, of station, of education, of refinement—as to wealth, it is really too insignificant to mention—which exist in this transitory world." Coming from a man "not unconnected with the heroic Wallace, and collaterally descended" from ancient lords—quite a clerical Mæcenas, in fact—this truth must have seemed infinitely more momentous than if it had been delivered by some mushroom newly sprouted from the dunghill. If one whose relative has refused the hand of the Emperor of the French, and who has thought the protection of his daughters against offers of marriage from those beneath them cheaply purchased at the cost of banishment from home, can still speak of differences of rank as so much dross, surely the publicans who listened to him will no longer pride themselves on their wealth. For—and here another inducement is held out to the diligent practice of meekness—no amount of money will buy Mr. Craufurd's intimacy. No matter how sumptuous may be their "lunch," no matter how many houses they may hereafter be able to "eat," the door of Old Swinford Rectory will be opened to them none the more. All the Rector's "regard, sympathy, and love" is henceforth to be devoted to the "people of God"; for the rest of his parishioners—the men of the "ribald jest or unworthy imputation"—he will have nothing but "withering scorn." So much for his conduct as a rector. As a man, his affection will be "concentrated on that pure and lowly, but most Christian, woman whom, having deprived of his natural charms, God had committed to his care." It is to be regretted that this remarkable sermon should end in a slight obscurity. What are the "natural charms" of which Providence has deprived Mr. Craufurd? As he speaks of himself in another place as a "gouty old gentleman," the most probable interpretation is that by the term "natural charms" we are to understand the symmetry of his legs. If we are right in this supposition, it only remains to point out Mr. Craufurd's devout recognition of the great law of compensation. The well-shaped calves on which he once looked with holy pleasure have been taken away, but in their stead behold "a most Christian woman." So, when Adam found himself "deprived of the natural charm" of a rib, he may have consoled himself at the sight of Eve. *Absit omen.*

THE ECCLESIASTICAL TITLES ACT.

WE called attention about a twelvemonth ago to the edifying spectacle of public penance presented in the House of Lords during the sacred season of Lent. On that occasion nearly every peer—with two notable exceptions—who had a hand in passing the too famous Ecclesiastical Titles Act of 1851 rose in turn to make confession of his sins and promise amendment. The exceptions were Lord Russell, the chief culprit, who stayed away, and Lord Granville, who professed himself an impenitent sinner on the rather mysterious ground that his sin was such a very little one that it ought to be considered a virtue. No practical consequences have yet followed from this solemn act of repentance, but their Lordships have again submitted, during the present Lent, to the same "godly discipline," so we may hope their good resolutions are intended, sooner or later, to take effect. Whether there is any great use in the Select Committee which Earl Stanhope moved for may well be doubted, after the thorough sifting of the whole question last year in the Committee of the Lower House. Nothing can be simpler than the recommendation of the Committee to repeal the two laws which make the assumption of ecclesiastical titles by a Roman Catholic prelate a penal offence, and nothing more obvious than the common-sense grounds of the recommendation. The whole question really lies in a nutshell. Either it is worth while to prevent Roman ecclesiastics from adopting this sonorous but harmless nomenclature, or it is not. If it is worth while, the law ought to be put in force; if it is not worth while, the deliberate retention of a law which is deliberately and habitually broken with complete impunity is an insult at once to those who are branded with technical criminality for a sham offence, and to the dignity of the Govern-

ment which suffers its enactments to be treated as so much waste paper. There is no getting out of this dilemma, and that alone would be conclusive, even if no practical inconveniences were involved in the present state of the law. For its most strenuous upholders not only admit, but boast, that it is allowed to remain a dead letter. Lord Derby was, in fact, pronouncing its severest condemnation, instead of offering an excuse for it, when he stated, in last year's debate, that "if a return were moved for of all the prosecutions instituted and all the penalties recovered under that Act, the return must be *nil*." So far from its being any homage to "Protestant truth," as Lord Redesdale and the *Record* seem to imagine, to maintain an inoperative enactment for the sole purpose of encouraging Romish ecclesiastics to drive a coach-and-six through it every day of their lives, it is simply making Protestantism ridiculous, and giving a cheap triumph to the "intrusive hierarchy" of the Pope. "The protest embodied in the Act," according to the Duke of Somerset, who shares the sturdy impetuosity of Lord Granville, "is all that is valuable in it"; and it is so valuable that we ought to retain the Act. Can His Grace possibly have forgotten that to protest is a confession of inferiority? A subject may protest against regulations which he is compelled to submit to, or a minority may protest against the ruling of the majority, as the Peelites, greatly to their credit, protested in 1851 against this very Act of Parliament. For the English Government to "protest" against the jurisdiction of the Pope, while tacitly admitting it, is to proclaim the authority of the Pope to be superior to the authority of the Crown—in other words, to do the precise thing the Ecclesiastical Titles Act was intended to guard against.

Simple, however, as the question is in itself, the self-styled champions of our Protestant liberties have contrived to darken counsel by so many words without knowledge, that it has got into almost hopeless confusion. We read that two rival parties in the Academy of Toulouse, in the sixth century, spent fourteen days and fourteen nights in discussing whether *ego* had a vocative case, and at the end of that time the problem had become so insoluble that they were obliged to call in an arbitrator to settle it. One cannot help being a little reminded of these wisecracks by the elaborate debate in the House of Lords on Thursday week, and the solemn pronouncements of the Lord Chancellor and Lord Malmesbury at its conclusion, in favour of appointing a Committee "to inquire into facts" which are notorious to every schoolboy. It is only due, however, to Lord Stanhope to say that we wholly acquit him of any blame in the course he has pursued. He probably perceived that the appointment of a Select Committee was the only way of getting the House to move at all in the matter, and, in addressing those "who scarcely hear you when you have spoken three times," it is better to repeat your statement three times over if you wish to be heard at all. After two Committees have sat a sufficient number of hours and examined a sufficient number of witnesses to feel justified in publishing official records of what everybody knew before, we may hope that Parliament in its wisdom will also feel justified in using the information it has cost so much labour to acquire. There is little in Earl Stanhope's speech to call for any special criticism. It was sensible, straightforward, and entirely to the point. He stated with accuracy the actual state of the case, and gave his reasons for regretting his vote of seventeen years ago. The chief force of his remarks lay in his clear exposition of the grave practical objections to the existing law. The spectacle of its public violation by persons in high position, like the Roman Catholic Bishops in Ireland, is, as he justly pointed out, a direct encouragement to insubordination, if not to rebellion, among the lower classes; and we may be sure the example will not be lost on them in the present condition of that unhappy country. The more Ultramontane of the prelates may probably feel a secret satisfaction in combining a conscientious discharge of duty with an act of contempt for the heretic Saxon Government. The lady who complained that her cooling draught of iced water lost half its sweetness because it was not a sin, spoke from a very deeply ingrained instinct of human nature, and the infection of nature doth remain even in them that are bishops. There are, however, as Earl Stanhope insisted, direct inconveniences, both social and legal, involved in the maintenance of the Act of 1851, besides its obvious want of equity in exempting the Scotch "Episcopal Bishops," who assume the very same illegal titles, from the penalties imposed on their Romish brethren. Bishop Moriarty, one of the ablest and most thoroughly loyal of the Irish Roman Catholic prelates, as well as Mr. Justice O'Hagan, gave important evidence to this effect before the Commons' Committee. All social or official intercourse between the Bishops and the Government of the country has been broken off since the Act was passed, whereas before that time very friendly relations existed between them. And this alone is a very serious evil, especially in a country like Ireland. Then, again, the Act is most vexatious in its operation on Roman Catholic bequests, and the gratuitous difficulties entailed by it in this way are of constant recurrence. And against these very weighty and practical objections to the law must be set, in Earl Stanhope's words, "simply the pleasure—if pleasure it be—of forbidding what we are unable to prevent."

Of the other speeches, with the exception of Lord Lyveden's and Earl Grey's, we cannot speak so favourably. The Lord Chancellor and Lord Malmesbury, as we have seen, discreetly confined themselves to oracular platitudes on the propriety of waiting to do anything till they had considered whether anything

should be done. The Duke of Somerset recorded his adherence to an inoperative "protest," and Earl Russell was again, as last year, conspicuous by his absence from the discussion of a measure the full responsibility of which rests upon his shoulders. But he was not without an apologist. The Marquis of Clanricarde, in a speech of singular infelicity, undertook Earl Russell's defence as well as his own. He began by half retracting his last year's expressions of regret for having been a party to the Bill, by saying that it was right to repeal, but also right to pass, it. And he then proceeded, in happy and complete oblivion of the events referred to, to say that it was not at all advisable to rouse the Protestant feeling of the country and get up a "No Popery" cry, "*and the Government of the day (in 1851) took what they thought was a safe and moderate course to prevent this.*" And, what is still more wonderful, they did prevent it. "In this," the speaker continued, "*the Bill was perfectly successful.*" People whose memories are not quite so short as Lord Clanricarde's are aware that the Government of the day, as represented by the then Premier, did precisely the reverse. Lord John Russell had fully as much hand as the Pope or Cardinal Wiseman in stirring up the "No Popery" agitation which he is strangely represented as having prevented. Little had been heard in this country of the Papal Bull, or the far more pompous Pastoral *extra Portam Flaminiam*—except among the small minority who were alone concerned with them—till the famous Durham Letter directed the gaze of the whole population to their contents, and roused a "No Popery" cry which re-echoed for a good twelvemonth from all the platforms and half the pulpits in England. This may have been Earl Russell's idea of "a safe and moderate course," but we can hardly wonder that, after seventeen years have cooled his Protestant enthusiasm, he preferred to leave its defence in other hands.

By far the most characteristic speech of the evening, however, was Lord Redesdale's, who, if not quite so paradoxical as the Marquis of Clanricarde, was much longer, and a great deal sillier. Whether his lordship is a crypto-Papist, and wished to exhibit a *reductio ad absurdum* of the Protestant policy of the Bill, we are unable to say; but if such was his design, he may certainly be congratulated on his success. He began by laying down that the question was "not religious, but ecclesiastical," and therefore, we presume, that the law was no interference with religious liberty. The argument is valid if religious liberty does not apply to any body of persons who choose to call themselves a Church. Then followed the old story about foreign sovereigns. The Pope had no more right to create an Archbishop of Westminster than a "Duke of Chevening," and the law was quite right to "protest" against his designs. Well, if Queen Emma had taken into her head to create Lord Redesdale Duke of the Sandwich Islands, and his lordship had found any satisfaction in inscribing that picturesque title on his visiting cards, it would hardly, perhaps, have led us to form a higher estimate of the soundness of his judgment than we entertain at present. But we should have thought it very undignified if the Government had protested on the subject, and worse than undignified if his lordship had been fined for indulging his harmless eccentricity. Dr. Manning, as was observed just now, has many reasons of practical convenience for wishing to call himself Archbishop of Westminster, nor can we see, in his doing so, that "great and impending danger to the liberties of the country" which alarms Lord Redesdale. But then there is still worse behind. If the Pope is allowed to name an Archbishop of Westminster, the next thing will be his granting dispensations to uncles to marry their nieces, as we are both sorry and surprised to learn he does "every day in Roman Catholic countries." Lord Redesdale forgets that there is nothing to prevent the Pope from granting these objectionable dispensations now if it so pleases him, as he in fact constantly does grant dispensations to English Roman Catholics to marry their first cousins. The only difference is that the English law allows first cousins to marry, and does not allow uncles to marry their nieces. The Pope's dispensation is, therefore, useful in the one case, for removing the religious scruples of those who recognise his authority in availing themselves of the law; while it would be of no more use in enabling them to break the law than a dispensation from the Grand Lama. The real analogy to the Titles Act would be found in a law forbidding any one to receive a dispensation from Rome for marrying his first cousin. Is Lord Redesdale prepared to bring in a Bill with this object? We pass over his lordship's graceful suggestion of an "Archbishop of Tarsus," whose presence would not, like that of the Archbishop of Westminster, be a standing menace to our religious liberties and the purity of the domestic hearth, in order to hasten on to the conclusion of his argument, which is too remarkable not to be put on record. It would have been much better, he thinks, if the Pope had appointed an Archbishop of Canterbury instead of an Archbishop of Westminster, "because it would be seen that there was a direct interference with the rights of the Crown." In other words, it would have been much better if, instead of trying to avoid a collision, the Pope had come to loggerheads with the Queen. There is a boldness and originality about this very statesmanlike sentiment, deliberately propounded to the Legislature of an Empire which reckons many millions of Roman Catholics among its subjects, that almost takes away one's breath. We feel quite unequal to the task of commenting on it. It is only necessary to add that Lord Redesdale equally objects to either altering the law, or enforcing it, or inquiring into its operation. Considering that the Pope has a live Archbishop of Westminster, and we don't know how many of his

suffragans, still resident among us, this looks very like conniving at the ruin of our liberties and the overthrow of the British Crown.

TRADES-UNION OUTRAGES AT MANCHESTER.

IT is not to be expected that the Report of the Commissioners on the Manchester outrages, just published, should attract the same attention and indignation which broke out from the public mind on the revelation of the Sheffield murders. Manchester is to Sheffield as Milton's second poem to his first. The heroic dimensions of Broadhead are but imperfectly reproduced in the dull ruffians who usually content themselves with ruining manufacturers, and heaving bricks at their victims, and are satisfied with crippling knobsticks and maiming them for life, instead of murdering them off the field of labour. Still, there is a solid amount of crime and violence proved against the Unionists which we cannot willingly ignore, and we therefore feel it to be a duty to bring together some of the facts brought out by the labours of the Commissioners, Messrs. Pickering, Barstow, and Chance. The inquiry was confined to the trades in Manchester and the district within twelve miles of that city. It commenced, of course, under the usual difficulties, for, in anticipation of the investigation, the Unions of Brickmakers and Bricklayers destroyed their books and all accounts of proceedings and expenditure. Here, however, are the results of the inquiry, conducted under difficulties of no common kind.

Messrs. Meadows were struck against for having introduced new brickmaking machinery. A man named Wilde took work on Messrs. Meadows's terms. For this crime he was nearly beaten to death, and his arm broken in several places; and for this job Slater, the President of the Brickmakers' Union, paid 14*l.*, the sum agreed upon at a full Committee meeting. For this crime Slater was convicted, and sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude. But after being in prison two years, Wilde was terrorized into signing a memorial for this ruffian's pardon, and Slater was released, and immediately reappointed President, while the forgoing Wilde was hunted out of the country. For a destruction (25,000 bricks destroyed) and raid on Mr. Simpson's brickworks, whose crime was employing a non-Unionist, 15*l.* was voted by the Union, and the execution of the job was given to the above-named trusty Slater. In the case of a similar destruction of property belonging to a Mr. Thornley, 50,000 bricks were destroyed, at the moderate cost of 10*l.* on the part of the Union. Three other cases, in which vast and ruinous destruction of bricks occurred, are produced, in which, though there is no proof of payments made by the Union authorities, the Commissioners "have no doubt that the outrages were done by the members of the Manchester Brickmakers' Society."

Passing over, in the Ashton-under-Lyne district, the outrages committed on the property of Taylor, a master brickmaker, we come to the murder of Jump, the policeman, by the Unionists engaged in outrages on Messrs. Clifford's brickworks. One of the murderers, Ward, was convicted and hanged; but "the Amalgamated Union subscribed towards the defence of the man charged with the murder of Jump, with a full knowledge that the murder was committed by the men returning from the destruction of Messrs. Clifford's property, which destruction was done in the interest, and with the concurrence, of the Ashton Union." Such small matters as shooting the watchmen employed by Mr. Rogers, and so insignificant an incident as the blowing up of one of Mr. Tetlow's houses, in all which cases the common offence was that the victims employed non-Unionists, are only worth recording for the single graphic incident that a certain Barlow, when charged with having assisted at these outrages, stated "that he had been concerned in so many of these affairs, that it had slipped his mind if, on a particular occasion, he was there or not." Then follows a grim catalogue of offences committed in the same district—fourteen in number, but which are somewhat monotonous in character—horses hamstringed, poison laid, incendiary fires, works and tools of the masters systematically destroyed, murderous assaults and infernal machines, employers ruined and driven out of business. These incidents the Commissioners thus pithily summarize:—

The greater number of these outrages in the Ashton district were confessed to by members of the Ashton Union, who were personally concerned in them; and it was admitted by Barlow and Hamson, Secretary and President of the society during the prevalence of these outrages, that they had all been promoted by the officers of the Union, with the concurrence of a large majority of its members, and had been paid for out of the Union funds. As to the payments made on each particular occasion neither Barlow nor Harrison were able to speak accurately, since "there were so many jobs that they could not remember whether they paid for them or not"; but "they had no doubt the outrages were all paid for either by themselves or by the then acting officers of the Union."

The iteration is, in every sense of the word, damnable, but we must proceed with it. In the Manchester Operative Brickmakers' and Bricklayers' Union we are presented with twenty-one proved cases of destruction of property, assaults murderous and all but murders, arson, gunpowder explosions, employers ruined, and terrorism and violence so persistent that businesses had to be abandoned, and—say the Commissioners—"We have no doubt that these outrages were all promoted and encouraged by the Unions."

It may be profitable to recall the explanation offered by Mr. Potter and the organs of Unionism generally for these offences. They were confined to a single district and to a single trade. What good thing could come out of Manchester? Who ever heard of

intelligent brickmakers? They are a rough, rude set of hands. After all, this is only a sort of horseplay. The great and sacred cause of Unionism is not to be judged by such specimens; the induction is too narrow against all Trade Societies because there has been a good deal of violence in the black Manchester country. But this apology goes a little too far. Coarse and brutal violence is not at all incompatible with a great deal of cleverness. The Unionists who could manage all these "jobs," and manage them in almost every case with entire impunity; who could plan a policy, and carry it out so successfully as to beat the masters out of the field; who were armed at every point, and able, not only to defy investigation, but to deport testimony against them into the safe seclusion of the other side of the Atlantic; and who, by a judicious mixture of terrorism and cajolery, subdued alike their followers, their enemies, and their victims—must be credited with a considerable share of intelligence and acuteness. The Unionist authorities even of brickmakers were no fools, nor were they at all devoid of great, however wicked, intelligence; and their policy and its success are rather models of a clever, daring, and unscrupulous tyranny, admirably planned and boldly executed, than the blind, unreasoning, animal excesses of barbarism and ignorance which the *Beehive* tried to make them out to be. But more than this must be said. It is not true that the outrages were confined to the trade of brickmakers; and it is true that local outrages have been approved in some cases by a central authority, and in all cases have received the moral and material support of the trade generally. Both these points are proved to the satisfaction of the Commissioners. In the case of a strike against Messrs. Knowles, colliery proprietors at Pendleton, twelve months ago, in the prosecution of which an incendiary fire, doing great damage, took place, and several "knobsticks" have been, by brutal assaults, injured for life, the Union has spent 16,000*l.*; and in the warring trade a spinner named Mason had vitriol thrown in his eyes for the terrible crime of teaching his wife and sisters his trade; and though the perpetrators of this horrid outrage were convicted, the grateful Union rewarded one of the miscreants, on completing his term of imprisonment, with 20*l.* for his services and martyrdom to the trade and its interests. In various other trades—those of joiners, masons, spinners of yarn, ironfounders, and tailors—outrages more or less destructive of property, and involving more or less violence against persons, have been distinctly proved. Nor are these Societies and Unions detached and isolated bodies infected by the local malaria of Manchester and its suburbs. The Bolton lodges of carpenters and associated trades to which deeds of violence have been traced belong to a general Union extending all over the country, and this general Union paid the men who picketed Messrs. Thomson's works. The Bolton "Joiners' and Masons' Union" is only a branch of a large amalgamated body, but so completely is the whole society organized, that an offender against the local association is instantly and secretly denounced throughout the whole Union, and universally proscribed. So, again, the Bolton Ironfounders' Society is managed by an executive Committee sitting in London; and the Bolton Society employs picketing and assaults during a strike as a matter of course, and the central Executive supports these men. So it is with the Bolton Tailors' Union, which in precisely the same way is connected with a large organization embracing eighty towns, and in precisely the same way enforces its edicts by the mild arguments of assault and battery on non-Unionists. And yet, in spite of all these facts proved in evidence, in the very week in which it has been found necessary to call out the military to prevent the Wigan colliers, now on strike, from starving non-Unionists to death, we are still told "that the outrages at Manchester are confined to one trade only, that of brickmakers, whose society is one of the lowest type of a Trades' Union, if it can be considered one at all," and "that Trades' Unions are split up into innumerable sections, bound by no common tie, and acting totally independent of each other."

The conclusion arrived at by the Commissioners is noticeable for its severe and condensed simplicity:—"The outrages which we have related, and which rendered life and property insecure, were, in our opinion, all of them"—and we have counted upwards of seventy cases investigated by the Commissioners—"instigated and sanctioned by the several Unions in the districts in which they were respectively committed. They were all deliberately planned and executed in furtherance of a system which had for its object the subjection of both masters and men to the rules of the Union, and the destruction of the freedom of labour." The Commissioners proceed at some little length to describe the process adopted by the Unions. A master is denounced for some trade offence, using some abominable new-fangled machinery, employing some proscribed workman, or the like. Occasionally a bold and distinct resolution was passed, in the full assembly of the trade, that an outrage should be committed. But when this open course was not adopted, the opinion of the Society was given unmistakably, and the execution of the outrages was left to the safe discretion of the official mind. No difficulty was ever found in hiring instruments of outrage; special contracts were made, and faithfully carried out on either side. The work was done cheaply, we suppose because there were plenty of competitors in the business of murder, arson, violent assault, and destruction of property. The most expensive "job" of this sort only cost 20*l.*, and about 1*l.* a head was the wages of the ordinary blood-shedder and incendiary. One expert in the line, who is only unfortunate that he has not yet achieved the immortality of Broadhead—

who, it will be a satisfaction to his many admirers to know, has lately, by the grace of the Sheffield magistrates, we suppose, got a new public-house, and has just given his opening dinner—one James Kay has had such constant work, and done so good a trade in violence, that he is said "to have done nothing else, and to have lived only by such employment." Unfortunately, this Triton among the Manchester minnows has retired into the quiet repose of private life, and, having given up society, declined an introduction to the Commissioners, or, as they coarsely put it, "absconded on the first day of the meeting of the Commission, and though every means has been used for his apprehension, he has never since been heard of." As we have already said, the annals of the Unions have been lost to literature—that is, all the accounts and minutes have been systematically destroyed, except in some cases where money, known to have been expended on outrages, has been euphemistically entered as "certain expenses." In spite, however, of the difficulties incidental to the Manchester investigation, arising from the absence of all documents and very often of the parties most seriously implicated, the Commissioners have no hesitation in declaring that "the expenditure of the money, and the object for which the expenditure had been made, were well known to every member of the Union," and that "it is but too evident that the members of the different Unions which came under our notice considered that the outrages we have mentioned had been perpetrated, and the Union money had been spent, in the promotion of a system which they sanctioned and upheld."

It would only be silly to affront our readers with any dull moralizing on all this. All that can be said on the subject has been said. The general value of the facts produced during the Manchester inquiry is only to cumulate and consolidate and strengthen the great argument; but the special importance of the Report which we have analysed is to stimulate and compel the public attention to a subject of which the interest might reasonably be expected to wane, not because its force can ever be diminished, but from the natural recoil and disgust with which we are all glad, as soon as we can, to turn from a horrid spectacle of crime.

IRISH EDITORS IN PRISON.

THE peculiar functions which Mr. Maguire discharges, both in the press and in Parliament, explain the indignation with which he denounced the hardships endured by the imprisoned editors, Messrs. Pigott and Sullivan. Mr. Maguire holds his seat by the favour of that section of Irish voters which is most bitterly hostile to the English Government and nation, and which, if it only dared, would gladly snap the connexion between the two countries; and of course great allowance must be made for a man who is placed in such a situation. It is a very nice thing to be a member of Parliament. And there are only two ways, in these times, of becoming one. You must either buy your way in at a cost of so many pounds sterling per head, or you must make vows of devotion and subservience which, to the minds of some men, are more costly than any amount of money. Some people are infelicitous enough to represent constituencies which demand both kinds of sacrifice, money and opinion. We are not aware that Mr. Maguire is in this category, and is obliged to buy his seat both with bank-notes and semi-Fenian sympathies; but it may be reasonably conjectured that the complaint which he made on behalf of the two prisoners is part of the suit and service which he owes to the enlightened constituency of Cork. He may be congratulated on the animation which he infused into his advocacy, and on the additional claim which his exertions have gained to the support of the voters of Cork. If he wants a cry to go to the hustings with, he can have none better than the reminder of his motion on the state of Ireland and on the treatment of the political prisoners.

Apart, however, from the interests of Mr. Maguire, there is a question of no inconsiderable importance involved in this subject. The general disposition of the public probably is to deal lightly with all political prisoners, and to deal most lightly with those whose offences have been confined to mere writing. A great many persons will not trouble themselves to ask what are the cruelties complained of, or what was the crime committed. They will be content with hearing that men have been harshly dealt with for writing something in the newspapers. In this case the gist of the complaint is that Messrs. Pigott and Sullivan are confined each in solitary cells, without fireplaces, and have only two hours to take exercise in every day; that they have to pay for any luxuries which they consume, and that they are not allowed to associate with any other person. In reply to this, Lord Mayo stated that the two prisoners are treated rather better than first-class misdemeanants are usually treated in England; that they are not subjected to the ignominy of the menial services which are imposed on that class in English prisons; that their hair is not cropped, and that other restrictions are relaxed in their favour. It further appears that the seclusion in which they live is due to the peculiar circumstances of their own position. They are the only political prisoners in Richmond Bridewell. They are the only two persons of the same station in life. Neither of them could have any society except that of the other. And this, it seems, is the very kind of society which each of them eagerly avoids. It certainly is a very curious point about Irish patriotism that it inspires its warmest devotees with a cordial dislike of each other. Here are two men, martyrs

to the same cause, complaining that they are shut up in their cells all but two hours of every day, and during those two hours they will not look at one another. When one considers the number of subjects which they might talk over, the reminiscences and reflections which they must have in common, from the escape of Stephens to Mitchell's letter, and that they could, if they chose, talk over their grievances and disappointments for two full hours every day of their lives, it does strike one as a singular piece of self-denial, or an equally singular piece of formalism, that they eschew one another's acquaintance. However, they are quite at liberty to do as they like in this respect. There is no rule at Richmond which compels one prisoner to talk to another. But, exercising, as they do, perfect liberty in this matter, they have no right to grumble at the result of their own choice. Even if more stringent rules than those at which they now repine were in force, we do not see what grounds there would be for sympathizing with their lamentations. In no other way can we regard sympathy so utterly misplaced as when it is lavished upon political offenders of this class. It always seems to us one of the most indubitable signs of a torpid and flaccid style of mind when a man or woman goes about mauling on the cruelty of this or that restriction on a political prisoner. Every argument adduced in defence of this thesis is weaker than another. Silly folk say that degrading punishments should only be inflicted on a very low class of criminals; that burglars and garroters should be subjected to every species of hardship and indignity, because they have been guilty of violence; whereas seditious writers have only shed a certain quantity of ink, and been leading gentlemanly lives in the bosoms of their families. It is difficult to imagine that the people who utter this plea are themselves satisfied with it. It is difficult to imagine how any person who hears the plea can be satisfied with it. Yet there must be a predisposition to sympathize with offenders of this kind; otherwise, how can we explain the intrepidity with which Mr. Maguire ventured, in the presence of the House of Commons, to contrast the treatment of political prisoners in France and Ireland, to the infinite advantage of the former? When Mr. Reardon went a few degrees further, and told his amused audience that nothing in the history of Poland came up to the cruelties practised on Messrs. Pigott and Sullivan, we accept it as a reasonable piece of Parliamentary jesting. But in Ireland there will be many persons who will take it *au grand sérieux*, will work it up into speeches and leading articles, and will never have done with it. It is for the sake of these persons, the imperfectly taught and the incapable of thinking, that it is desirable to suppress this morbid effusion of flabby sensibilities.

What do these persons suppose is the end of all punishment? Is it not to prevent a repetition of the offence punished? Why is the man who violently compresses the neck and rifles the purse of one of these sensitive noodles condemned to a penal servitude of a longer or shorter duration? The man who is knocked down and rendered insensible is 'probably a very foolish and rather useless member of society, who has never done, and never, all his life, would be likely to do, any act of conspicuous merit. The man who half strangles him may, on the other hand, be a person of a highly poetical and imaginative mind, may have thought deeply on the unequal distribution of wealth and the false relations of society, and he may have arrived at many deductions equally new and startling. Still, for all that, if the philosophical garrotter is convicted, neither his imagination nor his reveries nor the worthlessness of his victim are allowed to interpose between him and justice. He is sent to prison, and in prison is subjected for no short period of his life to many very unpleasant and ignominious conditions. This penalty is imposed in order to deter others likened with himself from following his example. It is felt that it is highly inconvenient that even stupid and commonplace persons should be knocked down and plundered in the public streets. And, though of course some gushing idiots murmur against this as a spiteful kind of vengeance, society on the whole approves it and continues it. But what are the mischiefs which arise from the impunity of a garrotter when compared with those which arise from the impunity of persons who follow the calling which Messrs. Pigott and Sullivan followed for three years? They were for three years engaged in disseminating sedition among the less educated classes of the Irish people. These words convey but a small notion of what these gentlemen were doing. Let us see what they really do mean. They mean that in a country the people of which are imaginative rather than reflective, these persons devoted their talents and superior education to dazzling the minds of the peasantry with delusive phantoms of liberty, independence, and anarchy. In a country which had once been governed with cruelty, but from which all cruelty had disappeared, they perpetually revived the memory of horrible atrocities, and stirred the souls of the people with a lust for revenge. In a country which was once made poor and dependent by unjust laws long since repealed, they perpetually recalled the purport and the effect of a code which has ceased to be operative for nearly a century. In a country in which the dearth of coal and iron and the paucity of manufactures have relegated the bulk of the peasantry to a condition and a diet hardly better than those of Norwegian cottiers, they have denounced the English nation and the English Government as the authors of normal poverty and periodical famines. Not only have they done this, which was wicked enough, but they have done something even worse than this. They have silly and obliquely, but pertinaciously, insinuated into the docile minds

of a credulous multitude the principle of wreaking, by armed rebellion, revenge for the past, and acquiring independence for the future. And that no incentive might be wanting to stimulate these poor people against a Power with which, even in their wildest fancies, they could not dream of coping, their hopes were kept alive by hints and promises of aid from their countrymen in America. Week after week, month after month, the journals of sedition were filled with boastful stories of American sympathy and Fenian organization; of the thousands who would be ready to land on the Irish coasts, unite with the patriotic peasants, and assist in expelling, at one stroke, the English dominion and the Irish landlords. That the mischief of these productions did not correspond with the efforts of its projectors is due rather to the shrewdness of the people than to any compunction on the part of their instructors. There was a lame, desultory, ill-conditioned rising here and there; a wretched fort or two was taken; two or three guns were spiked; and then the whole conspiracy died out of cold, hunger, snow, and the East wind. The Transatlantic army never came. The few Fenian sympathizers who did land were taken up and ignominiously handed over to the civil power, tried and imprisoned. For the fate of those wretched, ignorant men, who thought they were going to fight and conquer England, and set up an independent Republic of their own, men like Messrs. Pigott and Sullivan are mainly responsible. They concocted and dispensed the poison which inflamed the blood and crazed the brains of these poor deluded rebels. They raised the spirit of unnatural vengeance and unfounded hope. They, and men like them, are the real authors of the incarceration and servitude which have made desolate so many Irish homes. Badly as they have dealt with their poorer countrymen, they might have done worse. Not fearing to speak of '98, they might have revived in their full might and terror the rebel spirit and the armed organization, the savage conflicts, the carnage and the dire retaliations of '98. Had more of the people been as pliable and as credulous as that portion which has given its victims to the law, the scenes which made that rebellion so terrible might have been repeated, and it would then have been the fate of these gentlemen to witness the frightful results of their own malignant teaching. That they could not, with all their efforts, induce the Irish people to sacrifice their actual comforts for the glamour of an illusory patriotism is a fact for which we are all thankful, but which does not exempt them from punishment for the attempt. Irishmen are too prone to be caught by names, and bits of poetry, and claptrap of all kinds, for such journalism to enjoy impunity, and the only way to deter other journalists from deluding their unhappy countrymen into peril of life and liberty is to make the consequences of seditious writing so very uncomfortable that no man in his senses will deliberately confront them. For this reason it appears inexpedient to relax those rigours of which Messrs. Maguire and Reardon so extravagantly complain. But before the Parliamentary Gracchi venture again to compare the rules of Richmond Bridewell with the operation of French laws on seditious journalism, or with the treatment of political offenders in Poland, they had better take counsel of M. Louis Blanc, and any number of French or Polish *émigrés* who may at the present moment enlighten the murky atmosphere of Leicester Square.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

V.

WHEN speaking of Mr. Church the landscape-painter, and the qualities of his art, we noticed the absence of those summary methods of expression, the result of the highest and most perfect synthesis, which enable men to sketch admirably, and we even doubted whether Mr. Church could sketch at all in the true and great sense. The supreme importance of sketching is, we have reason to believe, realized by very few, even amongst practical artists. Because a sketch is a summary and an abridgment, it is assumed that the knowledge required for it is in proportion to the manual labour; that, as little manual labour is needed, so the drafts upon the artist's stores of information are proportionately small. It is, however, in the nature of all summaries, if they are really well done, to require a full knowledge of the mass of materials which they represent, and the more complete this knowledge the better will be the abridgment if only the maker of it has the skill to construct a true epitome. This skill may be a special faculty, and we admit that some painters of considerable pretension have not in any notable degree possessed it, but even their best and most laboured pictures have, in our opinion, greatly suffered from the want of it. The most finished picture is, relatively to the fulness of nature, nothing more than an abridgment or epitome, and this abridgment may be made in two distinct ways—either by a synthetic epitomizing of all the qualities, as in first-rate work by an essentially modern master, or by the abstract representation of one or two of the natural qualities as in good antique design, including that of Egypt and Assyria. The classical school has always preferred the latter method, and has produced no true and great sketcher; but the genuine modern schools which are independent of classicism have rightly conceived that a finished picture is, relatively to nature, nothing more than a sketch carried a little further, and our best modern pictures, our Turners and Troyons and Landseers and Delacroix (without mentioning such extreme instances as Whistler and Courbet), are frankly painted on the principles of the sketch.

This being so, it is always likely that the men who are best able to sketch in colour will have the best chance of distinguishing themselves as painters, at least in our modern schools emancipated from the yoke of classicism. Under the classical régime, the man most likely to succeed as an artist was the one who could most rigidly fix his attention to one particular quality in nature, such as purity of line, without allowing his mind to be distracted by an interest in other qualities, such as light-and-shade and reflection.

It is not surprising, therefore, that modern Exhibitions should contain so much pure and frank sketching—so much *mere* sketching, as it is often called—and that the Water-Colour Societies should have winter Exhibitions professedly for sketches alone. The practice of these Societies is not, however, quite up to their professions, for the faculty of sketching well is, unfortunately, so rare that only a small proportion of the members—perhaps one quarter or one-third of the total number—are able to contribute sketches worth exhibiting; and, as they more or less clearly perceive this, they attempt in many cases to compensate for the absence of more precious qualities by laborious attempts at a sort of semi-completion, enough to catch and satisfy the ordinary purchaser, and therefore by no means imprudent from the commercial point of view. Work of this kind may be useful enough to the artists who by means of it pay their rent and their weekly bills, and so preserve their commercial credit untarnished, and it probably does little harm to buyers, who have so small an amount of taste that the vitiating of it is of no consequence; but it would be very hard upon us if we were compelled seriously to criticize it. Quantities of water-colour drawings which are neither true sketches nor true pictures are annually produced and sold in this country, just as boxes for *bonbons* are made and sold in Paris. Each capital has its speciality in the minor arts of luxury. The Parisians make *bonbonnières*, and we make water-colour sketches and drawings. These minor forms of art seem to be the inevitable accompaniment of a refined civilization, which, though not without grandeur, has also its trifling and rather frivolous aspects, but it is not necessary to criticize them specially. It may be worth while to speculate upon the general directions which the minor arts are taking, but it is certainly not worth while to enumerate the items of their incessant production.

Let us not, on the other hand, fall into the too common mistake of concluding that a work must necessarily be trifling because many other works are so whose material constitution is the same. This is one of the shallowest of vulgar errors, and many good and true artists have suffered from the consequences of it. For example, lithography went out of fashion partly because people wanted something new, but partly also because there had been a glut of indifferent lithographs; and the consequence of this has been that the really great work which is still not unfrequently produced by Continental lithographers is wholly unappreciated in this country merely because it is executed in a method which, by an unreasonable association of ideas, we have come to consider frivolous. In this way it may very easily happen, it probably will happen in the course of a few years, that because sketches in water-colour are in general a trifling and frivolous form of art, even greatness itself will scarcely be able to attract attention to a sketch in water-colour, still less to command due and serious acknowledgment when expressing itself in this way. Such a result as this would be truly lamentable, for water-colour is, after all, the most perfectly available and convenient means for the rapid expression of the fresh conceptions of a colourist. It occupies amongst the colour-arts much the same position that etching holds amongst the various forms of engraving; and though it happens accidentally to be popular, which etching is not, its popularity does not detract from its high artistic utility and availability. The popularity of arts does not affect their true rank either one way or the other; but when an art is very popular, as water-colour is, there is always a danger that by the association of ideas people may come to believe the art capable only of a low and facile success, and unfit for serious work. An unfortunate and very foolish mistake of this kind used to be current in French society about water-colour; young ladies practised it as an *art d'agrément*, and so the artists and critics had a great contempt for it. Let us endeavour to keep clear of such groundless prejudices as this; let us ever remember that the very same art is great in one man's hand and little in that of another, that there is hardly any kind of graphic art which has not been great when practised by a master, and certainly not one which has not produced the most contemptible results when attempted by the ignorant and incapable. Michael Angelo had a contempt for oil and a respect for fresco, but if he could have seen what we moderns do in both arts it is likely that he would have preferred our oil-pictures.

In the gallery of the Old Water-Colour Society there were perhaps between thirty and forty good sketches. Mr. Frederick Taylor, who always sketches very cleverly, sent two subjects illustrative of hunting, chiefly in sepia, with a little neutral wash in one of them. One of these was a gentleman on horseback, in the costume of Queen Anne's time, opening a gate and looking at the spectator; the other was a gentleman bending down and patting his horse on the neck with his right hand. There was great truth and vivacity in the attitudes both of the horses and their riders, and the manner of execution was unexceptionable considering the quantity of work. Mr. Burne Jones had an especially fine "Sketch for a Picture of the First Marriage." An angel acts as priest, an angel crowned with roses and blindfolded, having immense wings and a

dominant flush of rose and red. The man and woman stand each against one wing of the angel—the man in green, the woman in gray, with lines of black chalk left to mark the drapery. The sky behind is dark, but the stars are out. The expression of the group is full of that mystic solemnity of which Mr. Burne Jones has the secret. Besides this, he sent other sketches in Chinese white on rather dark chocolate ground, with a rough surface of a peculiar quality that catches the dry dragging touch especially well; these were classical figures, draped and arranged with fine taste. The same artist also contributed an especially splendid study of a figure in blue—a young man in classical drapery with a little space of yellow undergarment visible between the blue and his neck. He is bending down, his forehead on his clasped hands, which are on his knee. The blue of his dress is carried out in the blue marble on which he is seated, and which almost entirely surrounds him. There is just one slender green column, for the true colourist, like nature, always abhors the milliner's theory that blue and green are discordant, and puts them together whenever he has the opportunity. We have rarely seen a more magnificent piece of colouring than this study, and certainly never one which proved more entire mastery of the tones of blue.

Mr. F. Powell's landscape, "The Mad Stream, Loch Scavaig," showed much intelligence of the kind of scenery illustrated. The sky is gray and rainy, the clouds are dashed in with great skill, and so are the rugged summits of the barren hills. The materials of the scene are very common ones in all wild districts—a little piece of lake at the mountain's foot, then a sudden rise of hill side to an abrupt shoulder, and above this, rising from behind an invisible corrie, at a considerable interval, the jagged crests of the mountain. Down the steep side a torrent comes tumbling into the lake, watering the patches of grass on each side of it with its perpetual spray till they gleam like green enamel, all the more intensely for their contrast with the warm colour of the rocks. All the elements of this scene have been perfectly understood by Mr. Powell, and admirably and rapidly epitomized.

A very splendid piece of colour was Mr. Alfred Hunt's "Junction of the Rivers Conway and Lledr, late autumn." Two little Welsh streams, rippling all purple amongst their stones, meet by a golden autumn wood. There is a purple hill beyond, and a sky breaking away to a gleam of intense azure. The whole sketch is a genuine and rapid inspiration, a true note of colour, done for the colour, and splendidly attaining it. Young practitioners are often puzzled in water-colour painting by the difficulty of getting equality in skies; the colour, especially when it is dark, will granulate as it subsides and dries, and be darker in one place than another. Let them console themselves with the reflection that under certain circumstances this quality of water-colour is a very useful one; here, for instance, Mr. Hunt has not prevented the colour from settling itself in this way, and the consequence is a far greater expression of brilliance than would have been attainable by any equal tint. The little spaces of sky where the inequalities occur are of course not positively true, but they are right in their effect as parts of the whole picture, which certainly gains by them. There is plenty to study also in the infinitely various and subtle colouring of the golden wood—golden we call it on account of its predominant colour, but it is full of a thousand changes, of greens and purples, and pale yellows and deep reds.

Another and very much simpler kind of sketching has been exemplified by Mr. Carl Haag in "the 'Odeon' of Herodes Atticus, at the foot of the Acropolis of Athens." The sky is of a gray flat tint, very pure and thin and equal, almost without gradation. The distant hills are of a pale violet, and there is a yellow mass of buildings under the Acropolis with yellow and brown masses to the right, and sweeping curves of stone seats in the theatre, lightly drawn with pencil and point of brush. The principle of this kind of work is essentially different from that of Mr. Alfred Hunt's; it tends more to abstraction, simplifying colour as much as possible, instead of endeavouring to suggest its immense complexity and variety.

Mr. Smallfield had a good sketch called "Hedgerow Elms and Hillocks Green," the elms casting long shadows down a green field; this sketch was chiefly noticeable for its good and harmonious tone, for its skilful management of a difficult expanse of green, and wise choice of a certain hue of gray in the sky, bearing a satisfactory relation to the green. Mr. James Holland's "Lutheran Church, Rotterdam," was a fine example of a kind of skill whose only fault is that it is even too methodical, and conveys the impression rather of a lesson already fully learned than of a carefully sought expression for a new and original thought. The church is seen across the narrow canal, and the barges are rapidly but effectively indicated by dashes and streaks of body colour. So on the bluish-green sky the white clouds are given with similar streaks and dashes. Mr. Holland's manner, which we have never seen carried further, is passing into something definite, which we may know as Hollandism, just as Harding's passed into Hardingism. He is a true sketcher nevertheless, and intensely clever—too clever.

Finally may be mentioned Mr. Boyce's good and true little sketch "San Giorgio, Venice, 1854, Moonlight," which, though not likely to attract attention, is full of careful observation. The horizon is low, the wide expanse of sky covered with clouds, the buildings separated from the spectator by a sheet of calm water, but without the usual glitter from the moon, which is not visible in the picture. Just under the buildings their reflection is interrupted by a band of pale opaque breeze—an accurate statement

of one of those facts of nature which, though elementary, are not understood by the general public, so that artists need to be defended when they produce them. These, and Mr. Burton's study in sanguine of a head, were some of the most notable sketches in the Exhibition; but we do not wish to imply that several others were unworthy of study, though we may not have spoken of them particularly here.

REVIEWS.

SCIENCE AND POSITIVISM.*

WE have met with some part, at least, of the contents of this book before. Whether the volume, as it now stands, is to be considered as partly a reprint of articles which have appeared in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, or whether the papers in the *Revue* were merely a preliminary specimen—a private view—of a book to come, we cannot say, for the volume itself gives not the smallest hint of the fact now mentioned. Indeed, we could almost suppose that there was an intentional concealment of it, for the arrangement of the chapters from I. to IX., and their contents, present the appearance of a continuous argument on the thesis of the title-page. But a reader of ordinary attention will find himself arrested at p. 63 by a sudden change of subject. Up to that point what we have been reading is very like a review of the *Introduction à l'Étude de la Médecine Expérimentale*, by M. Claude Bernard. Here we drop M. Bernard's volume, which is a recent work, and begin a controversy with materialist metaphysics of an older school—that, namely, represented by Büchner and Moleschott.

This want of cohesion among the chapters of which the book is made up is covered, but not remedied, by a predominant idea which seems to have possessed the mind of the author. This predominant purpose gives some degree of unity to what is otherwise a diffuse, rambling discussion, à pièces détachées. This general purpose may be said to be to combat the Positivist philosophy. M. Caro does not, indeed, engage himself in a criticism in detail of the tenets of that school, but endeavours to meet its pretension to have suppressed metaphysics. The endeavour is not, we think, either successful or powerful. But it gives the book at least one source of interest—that, namely, of bearing upon what is the very central question of all philosophical inquiry at the present time. It is nothing less than the existence of philosophy which is at issue. It is idle to be entering upon topics of detail in metaphysics, when all metaphysics are denounced as a silliness and an imposture. It is not only that metaphysics are in discredit with the reading public, who want something more solid and substantial. Nor is it only that scientific men will have nothing to do with philosophical speculation. Both of these categories of intelligence—the intelligence of the men of the world, and that of the experimental physicists—have in all ages been alien to philosophy. But even within the limits of philosophical literature the most aggressive and confident school of thinkers is now coming forward with a pretension to purge the whole region of intellect from all vestiges of metaphysical conception of whatsoever kind. It is no longer a rectification of frontier which is demanded. It is a war for conquest and extermination.

It may be useful to remind our readers of the attitude of the contending parties at this moment. Mr. Mill, in his review of Comte, had introduced into his capitulation an important clause reserving certain territories to the continued use and occupation of metaphysics, after surrendering much to the demands of positive science. Positive doctrine, said Mr. Mill, declines all theological explanations. It replaces theological and metaphysical theories by ascertained sequences of phenomena. The term by which it denotes itself implies that beyond the horizon of known facts it will think nothing. Well and good. This means, then, neutrality with respect to questions of causation and origin, of God and soul. Neutrality is not negation. It is merely abstinence from discussion. The supernatural is thus not denied, but only relegated to a distance. It is competent, therefore, to any one to accept all positive science, and yet to think, if he likes to do so, that the universe was originated, and continues to be governed, by an intelligent First Cause. Whoever considers all events as facts of an invariable order, a succession of consequents and antecedents without break, accepts fully the positive mode of thinking, whether he does, or does not, conceive that the system of nature had a beginning, and with perfect liberty of conceiving that beginning in any mode which suits him best.

This distinct declaration of Mr. Mill called up M. Littré, and the *Revue des deux Mondes*, abhorrent from mere party strife, was opened to the veteran philosopher for the purpose of a reply to the English thinker. Not so, said M. Littré; the positive mode of thinking does not leave a man free to think what he will about first causes. Positive philosophy declares first causes to be unknown to it. To declare them unknown is neither to affirm them nor to deny them. The absence of affirmation and the absence of negation are inseparable. You cannot repudiate the absence of affirmation, and take up arbitrarily the absence of negation. You cannot serve two masters, the relative and the absolute. When you assign to things a universal antecedent, you take up with the absolute. But then the positive philosopher, whom nothing will tempt beyond

the limits of the relative, forsakes you, and declares you none of his. The positive philosophy declares first causes not merely unknown, but unknowable.

To this refutation of his position Mr. Mill has, so far as we know, as yet made no reply. In assuming to speak in the name of Positivism, as M. Littré does in this article, he probably goes beyond his commission. At least, it would appear that he is disavowed by a part of the sect which arrogates to itself to be the only genuine following of the prophet. The orthodox church of Positivism excommunicates alike M. Littré and Mr. Mill, and regards any controversy between them as quarrel among heretics, and entirely indifferent to the faithful. But to the world at large the point of interest is precisely inverted. The claims of rival leaders to orthodox descent from Auguste Comte are of as little account as the pretensions of the Hegelians of the Left and the Hegelians of the Centre to anathematize each other. On the other hand, the point at issue between M. Littré and Mr. Mill is nothing less than the turning-point of all abstract speculation at this moment. Granting that the world, as known to us, is an unbroken chain of phenomenal sequences, is it possible to pass beyond this chain either at its beginning or its end? This is the real problem which religious philosophy—indeed which philosophy, whether religious or not—has to solve. The old defenders of natural religion had a very easy time of it. They were allowed to assume that human agency, or will, was a power of interposition within the established succession of phenomena. Hence they had no difficulty in inferring not only a first, or originating, cause, but a regulative and interposing mind at any subsequent point of the series. A recent Bampton Lecturer rested the whole case of revelation upon the assumption that man, wholly mysterious in his entrance upon the scene, is now an insulation in it. He came in by no physical law, and his free-will is an utter contrast to that law. Upon this premiss Mr. Mozley could triumphantly ask, "If man himself is an exception to nature, why should not his providential treatment be the same?"

Now what constitutes the crux of metaphysical inquiry, at the present time, is just that it cannot any longer make this assumption. The modern philosopher has to start from the opposite hypothesis. Suppose the distinction, which used to be taken for granted, between man and nature, to be imaginary. Let human acts be only living links in the chain of causation twined for us by organization and circumstance, and man be physically the world's offspring and morally its creature. Let the sequence of phenomena be the sole perceivable object, and then put the question, Can we know anything beyond this object? This is Mr. Mill's position. He accepts the premiss, and yet answers this question in the affirmative. He does not assert that we do know anything beyond the law of succession of sensible changes, but he considers that opinion is free to think that we may do so. This is also the position in support of which M. Caro seems to intend to argue in the volume before us. But, unfortunately, the laudable ambition which has led him to engage at once in the heart of the struggle which metaphysics have to make for existence is not sufficiently backed up by profound meditation. He is not even clear in his point of view. For, after seemingly accepting (p. 45) the rigorous application of the principle of scientific determinism to the functions of life, we find him further on (p. 198) falling back upon the old assumption that "moral liberty presents a series of facts inexplicable by the mechanism of laws," and that we must "allow a large space in the world for the initiative of man who inserts his free act into the chain of material causes." To prove design M. Caro has recourse to the old analogy of "the watch." An argument is certainly no worse for being old, but all the better, if it has been often used and never refuted. But this is not the case with "the watch" as implying a watchmaker—an argument which was not true even when it was new. The employment of such a false analogy by any writer at once seems to stamp him with incompetence in his calling. Nor is this a solitary slip. Take, for instance, M. Caro's account of the phenomenon in the history of research, that hypothesis, and not fact, is what always leads the way to the discovery of law. After stating this phenomenon, that in the experimental method nothing is hit upon or achieved without the idea, M. Caro proceeds to comment upon this observation:—

Mais d'où vient l'idée elle-même? Comment surgit-elle tout d'un coup dans les obscurités de l'esprit? C'est elle qui donne le branle au raisonnement expérimental, et à toutes les séries des opérations plus ou moins compliquées de l'expérience et de la vérification, mais elle-même comment naît-elle? Qui nous dira le secret de son éclosion subite? . . . Il y a quelque chose d'antérieur à lui. Quel est ce je ne sais quoi? A coup sûr, la méthode expérimentale n'a pas le droit de le nier, puisqu'elle n'existe que par lui. Il y a donc quelque part dans les profondeurs mystérieuses de l'esprit une virtualité, une énergie qui passe tout d'un coup à l'acte, qui se réalise dans l'idée. Est-ce un sens philosophique qui s'éveille au contact du fait? est-ce un vague présentiment, une sorte de divination? Mais quoi? portons-nous donc, dans notre esprit à l'état latent pour ainsi dire, les grands secrets de la nature?

This mystical neo-platonic view of the soul may be the true view, or at any rate it is a view which any one may adopt for development and defence. But when a writer intervenes in the great debate of modern philosophy, and undertakes to construct a bridge between scientific truth and metaphysical speculation, he can hope to make no way with phrases about a "philosophical sense," and "a virtuality in the mysterious profundities of the intellect." Such rhapsodizing may be in place in a poetical epistle to the discoverer of gravitation, or even in an *éloge* in the Academy. But it gives no help in answering the question, Has positive science a right to claim to have suppressed metaphysics and natural theology?

* *Le Matérialisme et la Science*. Par E. Caro, Professeur à la Faculté des Lettres de Paris. Paris: Hachette. 1867.

More ingenious, and better supported, is the speculation which M. Caro adopts on the destruction of force. As, on the atomic theory of matter, no atom ever perishes, so, on the dynamical, no force is ever extinguished. What takes place is only a reciprocal conversion of force into its equivalents. Now, let us suppose that there is not in the Cosmos an exact reciprocity between the kinds of force, and that the mechanical forces of nature are gradually tending to convert themselves into atomic force. The consequence would be that life and motion would cease. The total of extant force would remain the same, but it would all be expended in producing molecular equilibrium. Nature would have passed from the dynamical to the statical state. The Cosmos would have become a new world, a vast tomb in which would be buried the corpse of an extinct life. Such a speculation opens, says M. Caro, new views of the origin, as well as of the future, of our world. We should then have to conceive of the existing order of things no longer as a circular course, a periodic recurrence of forces to their point of departure, but as a slow but sure advance towards extinction. And, looking backward, it would be impossible to conceive that the existing arrangement, in which the phenomena of life are produced by reciprocity of moving force, could have educed itself out of a static condition. It would become, he thinks, infinitely probable that the laws which now regulate the world had been arranged by an intelligent Cause.

If we understand rightly, the author does not propose this speculation for acceptance, but only produces it as a specimen of one to be indulged. It is at once metaphysical, and in harmony with the facts of science. It does not claim to be a scientific induction, but it does claim not to be "suppressed" by positive science because it is metaphysical. M. Caro maintains the legitimacy of metaphysical inquiries on the ground that there exists a superior order of facts and existences which are not observable by the senses. No experimentation conducted by the senses can penetrate this region, which opens itself only to "the most delicate perceptions of the intuition and the conscience." The philosopher, admitting all the results which positive science hands over to him in the region of sensible experience, endeavours to advance beyond this experience. He studies that part of reality which he carries about in himself. He interrogates his consciousness; those ideas the sum of which constitute his reason, and which, though formed on occasions of experience, do not issue from it, but direct it, and judge of it in the last resort. It is the business of science to detect the succession of observable facts. It is the occupation of the metaphysician to detect the ideal law of order, harmony, and beauty which is veiled beneath the visible mechanism of nature. This law, recognised by Leibnitz in the elementary phenomena of mechanics, becomes still more marked as we ascend to the cosmical combinations of the highest order. The idea of "end," or final cause, must not be proscribed for the reason that it has often misled science; it deserves respect as one of the indispensable factors of truth. It is the great wonder of the composition of nature that it is made up of, and is only intelligible by, two opposed but not contradictory conceptions, Determinism and Finality. The more profoundly the world is studied from these points of view taken together, the more impossible is it for us to believe that the system of nature has been the work of a blind mechanism, or the result of an infinite series of material movements. Positive science and philosophy are equally indispensable parts of the total of human knowledge. The scientific sense enables us to trace the relations of things to one another; the metaphysical sense is that by which we refer this established relation to its principle. The model philosopher will be he who, in this age of the subdivision of mental faculty, shall reunite in himself these two faculties, and combine them in one achievement of genius.

We have examined M. Caro's volume with care, and the above is the substance of all that we can find offered in vindication of metaphysical speculation as a legitimate form of knowledge. We cannot think it is a vindication which can be regarded, by any one who considers the subject at all closely, as satisfactory. It is a mere *petitio principii*, assuming the idea of cause, the idea of design, and the validity of consciousness (*i. e.* psychology), three ideas which are refused by positive philosophy. Positivism did not "suppress" metaphysics till it had first suppressed cause, design, and psychology. It seems to us that the negations or suppressions of positive philosophy are unassailable as long as its assumptions are allowed. It will require much closer thinking, and more precise apprehension of abstract ideas than M. Caro has here brought to bear, before a satisfactory exposure can be exhibited of the theory of knowledge on the hypothesis of which the positive philosophy is based.

JENKINS' KENTISH KINGS.*

MR. JENKINS, Rector of Lyminge in Kent, is known beyond his own county as a local antiquary of a stamp higher than usual. We do not understand the meaning of the mysterious letters M.C.R.A.S. and S.R.S.A.L. which in his title-page follow his name and degree, but we have no doubt that they are locally—or perhaps masonically—intelligible. We have read papers by Mr. Jenkins in different antiquarian publications which have favourably impressed us both as to his knowledge and, what

is a rarer gift, his power of making use of his knowledge. He has evidently studied both the written history and the existing monuments of his shire with a really intelligent care. It is then rather a pity that he should have been persuaded to write a certain amount of letter-press to accompany—we cannot say to illustrate—certain Kentish buildings, evidently just to make a pretty local book. Mr. Jenkins writes an account of the ancient royal house of Kent, and that account is interspersed here and there with views of the two Kentish Cathedrals, of Rochester Castle, and other buildings in the county, put in without any special reference whatever to the pages to which they are placed opposite. We have no particular fault to find with Mr. Jenkins' account of the Kentish Kings, but we feel sure that he could have done something better. With his evident knowledge of his subject, Mr. Jenkins, if he had sat down seriously to write a history of the Jewish Kings, could, we are certain, have turned out something of permanent value. But we can understand that a man, asked to write something to go along with a set of local prints, would be afraid of making what he wrote too good. Mr. Jenkins' sketch of course contains a good deal that we knew before; it contains also some theories to which we must hesitate to subscribe, and some valuable hints which we shall be glad to ponder over. But the form and the scale hinders any of these things from being worked out as we do not doubt that Mr. Jenkins could work them out. On the other hand, for a purely popular sketch it does not seem to us quite simple and lively enough. One who has the gift can make such a sketch lively and taking, without any sacrifice of accuracy. Such a sketch will in the nature of things leave out a great deal, but it may be all right as far as it goes. On the score of mere accuracy we have few or no crows to pick with Mr. Jenkins. But we think that he has fallen between two stools. He has hardly done himself justice in the eyes of the scholar, while we fear—though we hope it may be otherwise—that he may seem a little heavy in the eyes of the general reader.

The old Kingdom of Kent is a part of our island which has a marked interest of its own. And the Kentishmen know it. As long as a sack of Kentish hops is marked with the rampant horse, we feel sure that Hengest and Horsa are not forgotten. It is a great thing for a county to coincide with an ancient kingdom and to keep the name of the kingdom. We can understand the feeling with which the people of such a kingdom still look down upon "the shires." It must be confessed that counties like Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, and the like, are historically rather dull. Great events may have happened within the limits, but the counties themselves have no personality, no quasi-national being. They are just so many square miles mapped out round the town which gives them its name, and mapped out most likely as late as the tenth century. The West-Saxon shires with their tribal names, the shires of the Sumorsætas, Dorsetas, and Defnsætas, are several degrees better. Still they are not kingdoms. Essex and Sussex, as kingdoms, have the advantage over them. Still Essex and Sussex are not strictly names of countries. They simply mark the geographical position of two bodies of Saxon settlers. But Kent is a real name of the country, older than Hengest, older than Cæsar. Its only rival is the other peninsula at the other end. But however Cornwall may rank in the eyes of Welshmen, Englishmen cannot admit it as an equal competitor with Kent. In English eyes it is not a kingdom but a province. But Kent is a kingdom, and in many things it is the first of English kingdoms. It takes the lead in everything; the Roman and the English Conquests begin within its limits, and so does the later conquest of the spiritual Rome. And, though no part of England seems so thoroughly exposed to all sorts of foreign influences, there is no part of England which boasts itself so proudly, and to a great extent not without good reason, on the retention of much of ancient English usage which has vanished elsewhere. But, after all, notwithstanding the early importance and the still abiding distinctive character of Kent, the early loss of its importance is no less remarkable. When Augustine came, the Kentish King was Bretwalda, and the help which Æthelberht was able to give to Augustine even in distant parts of the island shows that his Bretwaldadom was no empty name. Under such circumstances, Canterbury naturally received that metropolitan rank among the cities of England which it has never formally lost. Kent alone, among English shires, contains two Bishoprics, because, while the Primate was seated in the city of the Bretwalda, his earliest suffragan was seated in the city of the under-King of the West-Centingas. But all this greatness was transitory. Kent produced no second Bretwalda; she never entered the lists on equal terms with Wessex, Mercia, or Northumberland; she soon sank beneath the level of East-Anglia. Conquered, first by Mercia, then by Wessex, she became first an appanage for a West-Saxon Ætheling, then an integral part of the West-Saxon Kingdom. Wessex became an Earldom, and Kent was one of the shires contained in it. It was then separated from Wessex, to form a new Earldom together with Essex and the other shires round the mouth of the Thames. Its warriors retained a special and honourable post in the English armies, but in all political matters, Kent, by the eleventh century, had sunk, no less than Essex and Sussex, into a mere shire. And as with the Kingdom, so with the city. Canterbury, still the ecclesiastical metropolis, has never been, or claimed to be, the civil capital of England. Winchester slowly yielded the first place to London and the second place to York. The places next after these have been at different times claimed by Lincoln, Bristol, Chester, and Northampton;

* *The Saxon Dynasty. Pedigree of the Kentish Kings.* By the Rev. B. C. Jenkins, M.A. Folkestone: J. English. 1867.

but neither over the quarters of David nor at any other time does a word seem to have been said on behalf of Canterbury. William of Poitiers speaks reverentially of the "potens metropolis," but, then and now, she has been metropolis and nothing else. Her very connexion with her own metropolis has become almost nominal. Her primacy, founded for one reason, is now found to work well for an opposite reason. The Prelate of Canterbury became Primate of all England because, when the see was founded, Canterbury was, for a moment, the imperial city of all England. It is now desirable that he should remain Primate of all England, because it is desirable that the first Bishop of the Church of England should not be also the Bishop of what has so long been her first city.

Kentish history then, old and new, has some striking points about it—points many of which we do not doubt that Mr. Jenkins could, if he had tried, have worked out successfully. The utter collapse of the Kentish dynasty at the beginning of the ninth century is mentioned by him in the last page of his book, though it is a rather unscholarlike way of talking to say that "in 826 the Kingdom of Kent merged with the other Saxon sovereignties into that of England." Kent was not a Saxon sovereignty, and a single charter of Egberht containing the words "Rex Anglorum" is hardly ground for speaking of a sovereignty of "England." Kent too became an appanage, while Mercia, Northumberland, East Anglia, became dependencies, but the merging process did not come till much later. Elsewhere Mr. Jenkins tells us:—

The royal family of Kent (unlike the other families of the same rank in the Heptarchy) has entirely disappeared in later history. Not the most distant link connects it with the illustrious families who have absorbed in succession the representation of Saxon royalty. Perhaps it was lost in some humbler race in the confusion which followed the destruction of the Kentish Kingdom, and has become another instance of those vicissitudes of fortune, which Mr. Godfrey Faussett has so admirably described in the case of the family of Fogge, which, though so nearly related to royalty, ended obscurely in the last century in the wife of a shepherd "living in a wretched hovel at Eastry."

We do not happen to know the story of the illustrious house of Fogge, but the fact, as Mr. Jenkins says, is remarkable that the Kentish royal house seems to vanish utterly, and that before the Danish invasions, while the ancient houses of Mercia and Northumberland seem to survive as Ealdormen long after they ceased to be Kings.

We do not quite understand Mr. Jenkins' comparison between Kent and Monmouthshire:—

The "open country" of Kent, lying between the great forest, the river, and the sea, may be, in more respects than one, compared with the county of Monmouth, whose British name of Gwent it bears in a slightly modified form. For the same "open country," flanked on the west by the forests, backed by lofty hills to the north, shut in on the south by the sea marshes and by the sea, distinguish the western county also, and isolated it at once from England and Wales.

What possible connexion can there be between the names Gwent and Kent—Venta and Cantia? And Gwent, though it may be said to be isolated from England by the forest of Dean, and possibly from the inland parts of Wales by the hills, is surely not isolated from Morgauwg by the small stream of the Rumney, as purely arbitrary a boundary as can be found anywhere where a natural object is followed at all. Kentish isolation may well protest against Saint Albans and Colchester being in the diocese of Rochester, but the diocese of Llandaff is continuous and compact. Mr. Jenkins then mentions a fact which is worth noticing:—

The course of the Saxon immigration in Kent lay, therefore, rather from the seaboard to the north-west of the county, than towards Sussex or Surrey, and it is not unworthy of notice, that many names of villages and smaller places in the south and east of Kent, are reduplicated in the north and north-west of the county. As Goodnestone, Aldington, Preston, Paddlesworth, Selling, Addington, Horton, Kingsdown, Wickham, Wilmington, and many others; some of them clearly indicating a migration of the tribes, whose names are here involved, to the northern part of the county. A similar instance occurs in the reduplicated names of Leicestershire, and Lincolnshire, and other parts of England.

This is just what we should expect. The Addingas, Ealdingas, and Wilmingas formed settlements which afterwards sent out colonists who formed other settlements. Here we may well have the germ of the two Kentish Kingdoms and of the two Kentish Bishops. But we can hardly go along with Mr. Jenkins in what follows:—

It is probable, however, that the so-called Saxon invasion made less displacement of the population and disturbance of property in Kent than in any other county. The higher civilization of Rome, which had reached its inhabitants through the Continental settlers, cannot but have given them a more settled life and a more established form of government. A proof of this has been deduced from the fact that fewer military inscriptions or records relating to the garrisoning of the country have been found in Kent than in any of the northern counties—records which, where they exist, invariably illustrate a disturbed and unsettled history. On the other hand, the remains of villas and private residences are very numerous, and the objects of art, which have been disinterred from the tumuli, which here abound in every direction, show a progress in refinement and civilization, corresponding well with the security of a settled government.

No doubt, as Mr. Jenkins shows, the Roman Government was much more firmly established in Kent than in more distant parts of the island, but how does that prove that the English Conquest "made less displacement of the population and disturbance of property in Kent than in any other county"? Surely the twofold migration of the Addingas, Ealdingas, and Wilmingas made a pretty clean sweep of the Brets who came in their way. Mr. Jenkins may personally be a Welshman, but he cannot persuade us that the mass of his Kentish neighbours are Welshmen also.

A few lucky ones may have got away safe in 473, when "Hengest and Æsc fought with the Welsh, and they took countless booty, and the Welsh fled from the English like fire," but they could hardly leave such an element in the population as still exists in the shires of the *Wealtheyn*. Mr. Jenkins then goes on to show how little the Norman invasion really affected Kent. He then adds:—

The names of the Kentish tenants in Domesday are but Saxon, or rather Jewish forms corrupted and disguised, so as to represent sometimes the original and the translation together, as in that singular compound found in a cotemporary survey of Lanfranc *Robertus filius Watsonis*.

We do not quite understand about "the original and the translation," and we wish that Mr. Jenkins had given us a complete extract from, or at any rate a reference to, the cotemporary survey of Lanfranc. But we must warn our readers against thinking that "Robertus filius Watsonis" was the grandson of Walter or Wat. Waso or Wazo is a Domesday name, and Wazo may very easily be spelled Wato, just as the same man is called Azor and Atsere.

It is dangerous to reckon ladies' ages. Mr. Jenkins however does not shrink from the task:—

Nothing is known, either of the date or the place of the birth of the only daughter of St. Æthelbyrht. Her grandmother, Ingoburga, died (as St. Gregory of Tours informs us) in the year 589, at the age of seventy. This would carry up her birth to the year 519, and indicate the probable birth-year of her daughter to be between the years 540 and 550. The author of the life of St. Augustine, in the *Lives of the English Saints*, fixes the date of the marriage of Æthelbyrht with Bertha at 570, but does not give any authority for this conclusion. The circumstance that the only daughter of St. Æthelburga, by King Ædwin, was born in 647, taken in connexion with the previous dates, leads us to suggest the year 580 as the most probable one for her birth.

It certainly never came into our heads that the Northumbrian Bretwalda sought a bride of the mature age of forty-six. We have not even the chance of lessening the difficulty by making her a widow. "Ædilbergæ, filia Ædilbereti Regis, quæ alio nomine Tatæ vocabatur," is more than once distinctly called "virgo."

HEARN'S GOVERNMENT OF ENGLAND.*

IT is not very long since we had to notice the first instalment of a work on the English Constitution and Government, by a Canadian. The author of the present volume is Professor of History and Political Economy in the University of Melbourne, and is already favourably known to English readers at home as the author of a treatise on what he calls Plutology. There is something very interesting and curious in this careful study of constitutional precedents, usages, controversies, by our kinsmen in remote parts of the globe; and it is one of many consolatory guarantees that, if England were to sink into the ocean to-morrow, the products of her experience and effort would still be preserved by her children in East and West. Dr. Hearn's volume represents a great deal of honourable industry and research, and, while writing a text-book, he has not contented himself with the mere reproduction of what other men have written. His mind has been active in criticizing as well as in collecting his materials, and he has opened up some constitutional questions that have not formerly found a place in treatises of this kind. And the references to constitutional matters in the colonies suggest some very interesting points, besides giving really new information to people even who are decently well read in the principles of administration at home. For example, Dr. Hearn incidentally calls attention to the peculiarity of Parliamentary government in the colonies, that while at home the Sovereign is constitutionally bound to follow the advice of her Ministers, approved by Parliament, without any reference to external considerations, the Governor of a colony can only follow the advice of the colonial Ministers, even if approved by the colonial Parliament, on condition that this advice does not conflict with the instructions he has received from home. This, of course, is only saying that the colonial Government is not sovereign, while the Legislature of England—the two Houses and the Crown—is sovereign, and has all sovereign attributes, including the primary and essential attribute of being independent of any external authority whatever. Perhaps the ever-present consciousness of this dependence upon the Home Government helps to explain the rather singular persistence with which both Mr. Todd, the Canadian writer, and Dr. Hearn dwell upon the authority and prerogatives of the Crown. There is a certain anxiety and solicitude about the royal supremacy, which seems as if it arose from the presence of some adversary impugning the legal and accepted theory on this subject. And it is very likely that, in the colonies, the supremacy of the Home Government, whenever it happens to be rather irksomely out of harmony with the wishes of the people, is spoken of, or at all events thought of, somewhat depreciatingly. Dr. Hearn, like all text-writers, we are sure, dislikes this loose kind of opinion, and so takes uncommon pains to show that the power of the Sovereign is no shadow or phantasm, but very substantial and extensive. This purpose, perhaps unconsciously, colours all his dicta about the monarch in respect of home government, and the consequence is a certain appearance of having overlooked the momentous fact that the sovereignty in

* *The Government of England: its Structure and its Development.* By William Edward Hearn, LL.D. London: Longmans & Co. Melbourne: Robertson. 1867.

England resides in a sovereign majority, and that the monarch is only an executive officer, and *practically* not the highest, though socially the highest, in the national service. Thus, when Dr. Hearn solemnly warns us against supposing that the power of the Crown to veto a Bill is obsolete or inoperative, we feel that he is only bringing into a greater prominence than he probably desires the immense gulf between what is legally permissible and what is politically possible. In his case, as in the similar case of Mr. Todd, this exaggerated insistence upon the royal powers must arise from an unwillingness, which a political thinker at home can barely understand, to recognise how completely political authority has passed to the popular Chamber. Otherwise, why so solicitous about a technicality, to the neglect of the true principle of our modern system? Of course Dr. Hearn, when he comes to the real business of his treatise, tacitly recognises the revolution which has virtually placed the government of the country in the hands of a Committee of the two Houses of Parliament, responsible to the elective Chamber. The mischief of this old-fashioned adherence to the technical power of the Crown is that it prevents the writer from marking and describing the quality and amount of its actual power. Mr. Bagehot is almost the only constitutionalist who does justice to this aspect, by forsaking hollow legalities which, as everybody knows, could bear no strain, for the explanation of a practicable kind of prerogative.

A much more seriously mistaken conception of Dr. Hearn's belongs to the region of political philosophy. We want to know, first, to what extent, secondly, by what process, the English constitution under Queen Victoria is different from what is nominally the same thing under Plantagenets, Tudors, Stuarts, or the Georges. A text-writer, strictly speaking, is not at all bound to enter into this second question; his business is simply to chronicle the successive changes that have taken place, without concerning himself with the exact nature of the process by which they have been brought about. But Dr. Hearn has ventured on this foreign ground, and, we venture to think, with very much more boldness than success. In truth, to be frank with him, he talks a kind of nonsense on the subject that surpasses anything we ever came across in a field where nonsense is not uncommon. "If it be asked," he says, "what is the form under which the difference of our modern and our ancient Constitution presents itself, the answer must be sought in the laws which regulate organic development." Our original form of government was a homogeneous and simple body; then, by course of "spontaneous evolution" this body was, "by a series of differentiations and integrations, transmuted into a heterogeneous and complex body." Does Dr. Hearn use all this jargon in a strongly metaphorical and analogical sense? There is no sign that he does. He continues throughout to talk of a polity as if it were a phenomenon of biology, to be explained by biological laws. He does not even talk of seeking the key to the growth of government in laws like those of organic development. But, granting that he is only using words in a metaphorical way, what does he mean by spontaneous evolution? Here, at all events, he is speaking literally, we presume. Now, one wonders whether Dr. Hearn would talk of a locomotive as having come by course of spontaneous evolution from the spout of Watt's aunt's tea-kettle; or of a palace as the product of a process of spontaneous evolution from a building of one or two apartments. Yet it would be every whit as true to predicate spontaneous growth of either of these objects as of a particular form of government. The Constitution of to-day has come to be what it is, just as a small house is made into a big house, or as a simple machine is made into a very complex machine—by additions, removals, alterations, from without. Organic development takes place in obedience to internal principles of growth, and we get increase of function as a result of expansion and differentiation of structure. If Dr. Hearn likes to say that the form of government has undergone certain changes corresponding to changes in social structure, he may do so, though we do not see that it is a remark particularly worth making. In any case, this way of talking, in appearance so vastly scientific, is at bottom intensely metaphysical. Just when we are getting rid of the fashion of explanation by resort to occult properties and vital principles in one order of facts, it is very hard to have the same chimeras re-introduced to explain facts which have hitherto been understood more rationally. It is surprising how a childish fancy for scientific phrases should mislead a man who has read so much as Dr. Hearn must have done about the Constitution, with all its fictions and tricks, into the notion that it is anything but one of the most intensely artificial pieces of concocted machinery that ever existed. This is no sort of objection to it as a practical institution, but it is a wonderfully good reason why people should not speak of our old patched house that we have built with our hands as if it were a noble and perfectly symmetrical tree. Imagine the ten-pound franchise being a spontaneous evolution. If Dr. Hearn had just gone into this notion for a casual frisk, it might have been passed over as a folly of the wise; but when we find him carrying his fancy all through, and talking about the invention of the Cabinet as "the development of a special organ for the political functions of the Privy Council," and heading a chapter on "The Evolution of Parliament," it is clear that we are in the hands of a teacher who knows very little of physical science, and even less about sound political philosophy. This protest is especially worth making just now, because there is a very strong and mischievous tendency abroad ignorantly to introduce scientific terms into history—a practice which the most intelligent even of those who

venture to anticipate the ultimate erection of the subject into a science may reprobate as warmly as those who scout this anticipation.

In his own subject Dr. Hearn is more effectively original. For example, he discusses the question of the constitutionality of the creation of a large number of peers for a special political object in a way that most people will find much more satisfactory than Sir Thomas May's conclusion. Sir Thomas May—who, by the way, treats the point rather too much as a matter of every-day acceptance, which is always remarkably unsafe in legal or even quasi-legal subjects—holds that the only means of securing harmony in the Government, when the House of Lords is obstinately at variance with the Commons, is to create peers enough to make a majority. The Lords cannot be dissolved and sent to the country; swamping, therefore, is the only equivalent in their case for dissolution in the Lower House. From this view Dr. Hearn dissents. He relies mainly upon the precedent of 1711, when twelve peers were created to quell the Opposition in the Upper House to the negotiations for the peace. On the accession of George I. Lord Oxford was impeached, and among the charges was this of having counselled the creation of the peers, and so "wickedly perverted the true and only end of that great and useful prerogative," &c. The impeachment, as is well known, miscarried; the precedent, therefore, does not show that Oxford's advice was a high crime and misdemeanour; "all that it establishes is that the House of Commons voted the charges to be such, and that the House of Lords did not express any dissent from that opinion, and was prepared to try them accordingly." Then there is the precedent of '32, on which Dr. Hearn quotes Lord Brougham's rather wordy avowal of his horror of the proposed step. General reasons equally concur with precedent in making us believe that the swamping of the peers would be a *coup d'état*, but not a constitutional way out of a pressing difficulty. But then it is possible to imagine circumstances in which a *coup d'état* at the expense of the hereditary Chamber would be less perilous than adherence to usage. Dr. Hearn protests against stifling one branch of the Legislature. But this is futile. The government machine exists in accordance with the known wishes of the whole people. How do you ascertain the wishes of the bulk of the people? Through the House of Commons, newly returned, if need be. If there could be no mistake as to the public voice, thus expressed, there can be no doubt, according to the modern spirit of our institutions, that the House of Lords would feel bound to obey any decisive manifestation of it. Dr. Hearn only does not admit this common-sense view because he is so violently enamoured of his idea of each Chamber being an indispensable organ, performing its functions in its own way, like the liver or the heart. Still, in spite of this fundamental eccentricity, he has written a sufficiently useful and compendious treatise.

CHARLOTTE'S INHERITANCE.*

SENSATION novels have generally an unpleasant tendency to read like parodies, and *Charlotte's Inheritance* is no exception to the rule. Over and over again, while laboriously wading through it, an irresistible conviction arises that Miss Braddon is all the while laughing in her sleeve at her readers, and experimenting on the British public to see how much vague tall writing, bad grammar, hazy allusions to the classics, and drawing of pointless parallels from universal history, that long-suffering monster is willing to devour. No one ought to have a better notion of its capacities in this direction than she has, for no one has done more in educating her admirers, and preparing them by a gradual renunciation of all their critical faculties for the ultimate enthusiastic reception of a thoroughly bad novel. Those who have satisfactorily gone through the pleasing process may possibly find the book entertaining, but upon the uninitiated a more wearisome task could hardly be imposed than to compel them to sit down and read it religiously through. In form it is slightly different from its predecessors, but in spirit it is precisely similar. There is, it is true, no female character in it outwardly an angel but inwardly a fiend, who after a superhumanly mischievous career is ultimately immured in a lunatic asylum, there to die of dullness. Her place is filled on the present occasion by a fraudulent stockbroker, who, not content with his nefarious proceedings on the Exchange, makes an abortive effort to poison his daughter-in-law, is reduced to abject poverty, and after in vain attempting to murder his own brother for the sake of the few shillings he may have upon his person, dies in the heroine's front garden on Christmas Eve. It certainly requires a considerable amount of credulity to believe that a vigorous man in the prime of life, with a thorough acquaintance with all the ins and outs of mercantile fraud, supplemented by a very competent knowledge of medicine, who absconds to America with a considerable sum of ready money, and is, moreover, possessed of consummate self-control, audacity, and unscrupulousness, should return to England a year and a half afterwards, bringing with him the wonderful account that he does of his adventures. He has in the meanwhile become "a creature too loathsome for humanity, a plague-stricken corpse galvanized into spasmodic life," "a walking horror, a mass of loathsome rags endued with motion, a living disease," and this is his explanation of it all. "He started as a doctor in Philadelphia, and was doing

* *Charlotte's Inheritance*. A Novel. By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Birds of Prey," &c. &c. 3 vols. London: Ward, Lock, & Tyler. 1868.

well, till a patient died." He became "clerk in more offices than you can count on your ten fingers," but his employer always "levanted, was bankrupt, died, or dismissed him." He has been "travelling dentist, auctioneer, commission agent, tout, and pedlar, but it all came to the same thing—ruin, starvation, the hospital, or the pauper's ward. He has swept crossings in the city, and camped out among the bears and opossums." As he is a man of by no means expensive tastes, one might have imagined that the money which he took with him would alone have been sufficient to keep him during the very short while that he has been away, even supposing that he had never earned a penny all the time that "he was doing well" as a doctor, working in his ten clerkships, and pursuing his varied career as dentist, auctioneer, commission agent, tout, pedlar, and sweeper of crossings. The society of the opossums could hardly have entailed any very lavish expenditure. Anyhow, the explanation given of his re-appearance is far more monstrously absurd than the occurrence for which it is intended to account. Considerations of probability are, of course, of no weight when compared with the necessity of his appearance in a sensational tableau on Christmas Eve. But it would have been better to have introduced him without any explanation at all, than with such a very lame story as this in his mouth.

The best way to prepare any intending reader for what he or she will have to meet with in the book will be to attempt to sketch some of the leading characters. Second only to the poisoner, in the space which he occupies, is a Mr. Valentine Hawkehurst, a professional blackleg, who, failing to realize a competency by frequenting the German gambling-tables, turns author, and exhibits his predatory propensities by a series of audacious plagiarisms. Miss Braddon shows a wonderful fellow-feeling with this literary freebooter, and is very noisily angry with the imaginary critics who set their faces against him. His normal employment seems to be the composition of comic stories for fourth-rate magazines; but, considering that after a few days' reading in each subject he writes what he is pleased to call exhaustive reviews on "Lauzun, Brummel, Sardanapalus, Rabelais, Lord Chesterfield, Erasmus, Beau Nash, Apelles, Galileo, and Philip of Orleans," besides lengthy treatises on the "Sources of Light" in a so-called scientific journal, and that he is by his own account an inveterate bookmaker, it is not to be wondered at that he occasionally gets rather roughly handled for his pains, or, as Miss Braddon prettily puts it, "is pelted with more mud, flung by nameless assailants hidden behind the hedges, than he had anticipated when he started to walk along the dusty high road that leads to the temple of Fame." In an ideal state of society, where ignorance reigned supreme, and sensation novels were the highest development of literature, the energy which he displayed in concocting and giving to the world his little hodge-podge of untrustworthy and slipshod trash would no doubt have received its due recognition from the critics of the day; but as an unregenerate world is not yet prepared for that much desired millennium, one is thankful to hear that the "West-End Wasp did shriek its war-whoop at him on an occasional note," and that the "Bond Street Backbiter," whoever he may be, warned his readers against trusting to the random statements of "the successful young scribbler." Is it from a sense of gratitude to the bookmaking tribe for the aid they have given her in acquiring the multifarious knowledge with which her writings so irrepressibly teem, that Miss Braddon delivers her sentiments with regard to them by the mouth of her young protégé as follows:—"Of all educational purposes there is none like bookmaking, and the man who begins by making books must be dolt, dunce, and dunderhead if he do not end by writing them." This is a hard saying for the class of persons for whom it is apparently intended as a puff. Pray, how many of them have ended by writing anything which is really worth the reading? Perhaps in her next novel Miss Braddon will condescend to give the examples from which she has deduced this startling theory.

The other young man of the story is a M. Lénoble. We are told a great deal about him, but we fail to form any definite conception of what he is like, notwithstanding the very minute and circumstantial account which is given of his appearance and character. He is, it appears, a

Henry of Navarre, before the white lilies of France had dazzled his eyes with their fatal splendour, before the Court of the Medici had taught the Bernois to dissemble, before the sometime Protestant champion had put on that apparel of stainless white in which he went forth to stain his soul with the sin of a diplomatic apostasy.

This description, which is all no doubt very grand as far as it goes, by no means brings the gentleman clearly before us, even when supplemented with the following master-touches:—

This chivalrous Gaul was a creature to command the love of women, the fear of men; an Achilles *en frac*; a Bayard without his coat of mail; Don Quixote in his youth, generous, brave, compassionate, tender, and with a brain not as yet distempered by the reading of silly romances.

He is subsequently compared to Hercules, Apollo, and Perseus. For anything which he does or says in the story, he might with equal propriety have been termed a Thor, an Odin, a David, a Goliath, a William the Conqueror, a Richard the First, a Robert Duke of Normandy, or any other character in history or mythology which happened to take the author's fancy at the moment in which she was engaged in penning his panegyric. The next gentleman deserving of notice is Captain Paget, a fashionable spendthrift, who has degenerated into a swindler. One

cannot say that he is an impossible character, because men of his stamp are such monstrosities of human nature that, utterly unnatural and artificial as he appears to be, it is just within the bounds of possibility that he is a badly executed study from life. But whatever his merits or demerits may be, he certainly is not a new creation. A person hardly recognisable from him made his appearance in *Eleanor's Victory*, a former production of Miss Braddon's, as the father of the heroine, who moreover was herself remarkably like the Miss Paget of the present story. The general bearing of the father and daughter in the two tales is as similar as that of two pairs of dummies can very well be, though their careers are slightly different, the polished swindler of the old school living long enough this time to palm off his daughter upon a millionaire—a piece of good fortune which the untimely death of his predecessor in the former story happily prevented. The heavy burden of the fun of the book rests upon the shoulders of a Mrs. Sheldon, the wife of the poisoner, who is about the worst of the many bad imitations of Mrs. Nickleby that have from time to time disfigured modern novels. Once or twice the other characters try a feeble joke; for instance, when, on the irresistible topic of Agamemnon, one observes, "His wife, or the other young person who had come to visit his daughter, made the water too hot, you know—that kind of thing," while another talks of the "clue to the labyrinth which the young woman gave the Roman fellow." As far as we recollect, Miss Braddon has not often introduced intentionally comic characters into her stories. For her own sake we sincerely trust that she may never do so again. Humour such as this is not of a kind that will bear repetition.

It is hardly necessary to say that it is impossible to get up sufficient interest in any of these persons to care which of them is ultimately to come into the great fortune which goes begging, and gives its name to the novel. And with regard to the poisoning, one feels sure from the very first that the intended victim will escape. The ex-swindler to whom she is engaged is such an immense favourite with the author that it is sufficiently evident that he will not be left at the end of the three volumes in a state of single blessedness, to carry on his pleasing occupation of making money out of what Miss Braddon complacently calls "the small larcenies of literature."

It is difficult, without appending a selection of wearisome extracts, to give a notion of the manner in which allusions to classical and historical personages are constantly lugged in, without rhyme or reason, in every part of the narrative. Miss Braddon seems to think that there is something talismanic in the effect which a long array of mere names will have upon her readers. When a lady is in distress, a looker-on "could have fancied that her face was that of Andromache or Antigone." Next day she becomes "a Niobe," "a creature of ice, a statue modelled in snow by Michael Angelo." When a man is suffering, "he endures a martyrdom worse than the agony of Damiana, the slow tortures of La Barre"; or else "Ugolino, Helen, Penelope, and Agamemnon, none of these felt a keener torture than that which rent this young man's heart." The poison used by Mr. Sheldon is "the poison which enabled the Borgias to decimate Rome." Under the luxuriant pen of the eminent sensationalist a cook is transformed into "the high priestess of the kitchen," and pawnbrokers become "the high priests of the pious mountain—the Dordona (*sic*) of pauperism." The mind of the poisoner is "a nest of scorpions." A man is free from a particular source of anxiety—"the bitterness of death was sweet when compared with the scorpion-sting of such a supposition." Coffee is "a Promethean beverage." Nothing is too small or contemptible to be glorified by the process of tall writing. Even an old-fashioned watch becomes—"a clumsy time-keeper, an antique specimen of the watchmaker's art." Instances might be multiplied without end; but perhaps this is the most characteristic of all—"things had turned out piscatorial."

Miss Braddon has been said by some people to have a power of representing passion. The passionate scenes in the present work are chiefly distinguished by the facility which the actors in them display in talking the purest nonsense. For instance, the father of the "Henry of Navarre" already mentioned, when he has preserved a lady from committing suicide, can find nothing more intelligible to say to her than this—"You are worth all the stars to me. If I had them in my hands—those lamps shining up there—I would throw them all away to hold you." If this is passion, it is passion of a kind which in real life would certainly qualify the speaker for a speedy admission into Colney Hatch. Have we not good grounds for asserting that the whole novel resembles a parody or burlesque rather than a serious effort on the part of an experienced and veteran novelist?

Sensationalists find it convenient to assume that the dislike entertained towards them by a large section of the reading public is grounded upon an objection to interesting and complicated plots. It is almost unnecessary to say that this is an entire and absurd misapprehension. No one has a right to complain, probably no one ever yet did complain, that a plot was too interesting. But one has a right to demand a certain amount of decent workmanship, of which, in this as in the majority of so-called sensational novels, there are absolutely no traces. It is a hurried, careless performance, full of offences against probability and good taste, and made up of persons who figure and posture in precisely the same manner that hundreds of their predecessors have done before them. With all her eccentricities of style, Miss Braddon is essentially as conventional a writer as ever put pen to paper—conventional in her love scenes, in her deathbeds, in the justice

meted out to her villains, in her descriptions of crime, and, above all, in her moral and religious reflections. Parents and guardians need be under no apprehension that in putting this book into the hands of intelligent boys and girls any undue amount of unhealthy mental excitement will ensue. It is difficult to conceive how any excitement can be aroused by the perusal of the sayings and doings of a lot of dummies who are precisely similar to preceding sets of dummies, and the sameness of whose villany is as remarkable as their personal resemblance to one another.

THE VENETIAN ARCHIVES.*

THERE is no lack of materials for forming a judgment on the history of the earlier years of the reign of Henry VIII. In addition to the three ponderous volumes previously issued by Mr. Brewer, each averaging more than a thousand pages, we have been supplied in the year 1867 with four volumes of Records—one of Spanish, another of Venetian documents; the other two, which we shall take an early opportunity of noticing, containing the series of papers preserved in the Record Office and other English repositories. Comparisons are proverbially invidious, and were we ever so much inclined in the present instance to discuss the relative value of the State Papers preserved at Simancas and Venice, as compared with each other, or again with the more numerous collection of documents which have found their way into Mr. Brewer's hands, we should be obliged to decline the task, for in truth the things are not commensurate with each other. Still less are we willing to enter upon a comparison of the respective editors. Each seems specially qualified for the particular task on which he is engaged. And though we took the liberty of finding fault, some weeks past with certain views propounded by M. Bergenroth in the preface to his last volume, we should be very sorry to think that for the future he would be curtailed of the liberty which he has hitherto, in common with other calendarers, enjoyed of giving a view of the period over which his labours have been extended. We confess we are a little alarmed at the notice issued six months ago by the Master of the Rolls, requesting the editors of Calendars to confine their prefatory remarks to an explanation of the papers contained in their respective volumes. We do not profess to know who is the supposed offender, or whether indeed the offence has been given by many. But if it has been given by the editor of the second volume of the Simancas Records, we can only say that, much as we differ from M. Bergenroth's estimate of the character of Wolsey and the position of England in the second decade of the sixteenth century, we should very much regret if so able a writer should be precluded from giving the impressions left on his mind by the careful analysis to which he has been devoting himself for the few previous months, or it may be years, that have been occupied in producing his volume.

Mr. Rawdon Brown has shown, in this as well as in the preface to the preceding volume of Venetian despatches, what he is capable of doing in this respect, and we very much fear that in this second preface he writes under some restraint. We trust that Lord Romilly's notice may be regarded as a wholesome caution which may serve as a check to such editors, if there are such, as are not competent to write prefaces. But we feel that, unless some understanding exists which allows the calendarers of the papers of this reign to present us with their own views on a portion of history with which they are thoroughly conversant, the recent order of the Master of the Rolls will cause a very serious diminution in the value of the series for which we are so much indebted to him.

Nevertheless, though we should have been glad of a longer and fuller preface, the Venetian documents for the most part tell their own story in a very satisfactory manner. They are the more valuable because they consist for the most part not so much of diplomatic letters passing between parties whose interests are more or less opposed to each other, as of secret, and frequently even gossiping, intelligence about English affairs sent by the Venetian ambassadors to the Government in whose service they were retained. Mr. Rawdon Brown has carefully waded through the immense mass of papers preserved at Venice, and has extracted everything that at all directly concerns the affairs of this country. It may, therefore, be supposed that he has often thrown a cross light upon transactions with which we were tolerably familiar before. But not only do the Venetian archives inform us of what was thought of England and her policy, her King, and her Cardinal Legate, by the Venetian ambassador, and the Doge and Council whose representative he was, but we have here published for the first time despatches from Rome, and from the Courts of France and of Spain, which illustrate both their own policy and the fluctuating relations in which they stood to each other and to England. Nor is this all. We have here in some cases a fuller account than appears in any English history, or in any English documents that have yet seen the light, of transactions purely English, such as may be considered half domestic, half political, in their character. It is strange to find that Venetian

archives should have chronicled more fully and more minutely than our English historians such events as the domestic life of Henry and Catharine, the christening of the Princess Mary, and the marriage of Mary Tudor with Louis XII. of France. In the latter case even the privacy of the nuptial chamber has been intruded into, and we learn truths or falsehoods—we pretend not to decide the matter ourselves—which must have come from the lips of one or other of the parties most immediately concerned. The repetition of the story which Mr. Brewer had already told of the sacrifice of the young princess to the political necessity, or supposed necessity, of the day, her speedy return owing to the death of her husband within a few weeks of the marriage ceremonial, and her avowal to Suffolk that he must either marry her then and there or not at all, are told again with some few additions and variations to the story which increase its interest. As to what passed between the widowed Queen and Francis we are still left to conjecture; but she made no pretence of deceiving him as to the possibilities of the succession, for she instantly saluted him as king, thereby proclaiming, what she might at least for a time have kept doubtful, that she was not in a condition to bring an heir to her late husband's throne. The curious story of Suffolk's previous marriages and divorce which is told by Mr. Brewer does not of course appear in the Venetian documents; but it is a very remarkable fact that many small details of her history which have not been preserved elsewhere should have been brought to light from what a few years ago would have been thought an obscure corner.

Mr. Rawdon Brown has filled up his Calendars from other Italian archives, and has produced some extremely interesting letters from the original letter-book of Marco Minio, the Venetian ambassador at the Court of Leo X., which he appears to have discovered and purchased. This was a lucky discovery, because Minio's despatches do not exist among the other archives at Venice, and many of them contain important as well as interesting information. Altogether he has produced a volume the value of which it would be almost impossible to overrate. There is scarcely any important incident of the first ten years of Henry's reign which it does not serve to illustrate, whilst accidentally here and there it fills up gaps which have hitherto existed, and supplies information which has been in vain sought elsewhere.

As one instance out of many, we may quote the name of Staffileo, who is known to all readers of Burnet and Strype as quitting England on a mission to Rome in 1528, having adopted the King's side in the matter of the divorce to the extent of writing a book in its defence. Burnet erroneously calls him Dean of the Ruota; Strype corrected the error, and explained how Staffileo was a bishop, and could not therefore be Dean of the Ruota—apparently not being aware that Simonetta, who, he rightly says, was Dean of the Ruota, was also Bishop of Pesaro. But what was the name of Staffileo's see it has puzzled all writers, from that day to this, to determine. The editor of the State Papers of Henry VIII. was obliged to content himself with chronicling the fact that he was bishop of some unknown place, and the recent edition of Burnet throws no further light upon the subject. The Venetian Calendar reveals for the first time that he was Bishop of Sebenico.

With regard to the hopes and fears of the English people about the succession to the throne, as well as the alternately waxing and waning probabilities of its being continued in the male line of the Tudor family, this Calendar contains more continuous evidence than is supplied by either the English or the Spanish series. Not only is every birth, and every probability of a birth, as these events successively occur, minutely detailed, but it is easy to see the lively interest felt, both by natives and foreigners, in the event as likely to affect the future prospects of the nation. Whilst we are upon this subject, it seems worth while to observe that Mr. Rawdon Brown is not altogether free from the editorial tendency to overrate the importance of documents that come directly under his own cognizance. His second volume contains, as might have been expected, an analysis of the two documents which he described by anticipation in his interesting preface to the first volume. And he appears to be of the same opinion which he then expressed, that probably as early as 1510, and with still greater probability in 1514, Henry was meditating a divorce. Now the expression *Fanno nuovi pensieri* occurring just after the record of a miscarriage on the Queen's part does not, it will be admitted, amount to much, though undoubtedly it is susceptible of the interpretation that "a divorce is intended or thought of"; but it need not necessarily even allude ever so remotely to the subject of the preceding part of the despatch. But Mr. Rawdon Brown quotes another passage, in September 1514, which certainly shows that an idea had entered into the heads of some people that the Queen's inability to bear healthy children at the proper time might induce her husband to try to get rid of her in favour of a younger woman who might bring an heir to his throne. And perhaps the editor does not distinguish with sufficient accuracy a sentiment which was in the minds, and perhaps in the mouths, of his subjects, and a definite intention on Henry's part. Nothing can be more certain than the affectionate terms on which, up to this date, the King and Queen were living together. The instances quoted prove no more than the general anxiety felt as to the succession, and an equally general ignorance as to how far the dispensing power of the Pope might extend in matrimonial cases. Perhaps some may have known only the fact of the disgraceful divorce of Louis XII. from his first wife, and heard nothing of the perjury as to facts under which the infamous Alexander VI. had

* *Calendar of State Papers and Manuscripts relating to English Affairs existing in the Archives and Collections of Venice, and in other Libraries of Northern Italy.* Vol. II. 1509-1519. Edited by Rawdon Brown. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longmans & Co. 1867.

been induced to grant the dispensation for it. And many may perhaps have speculated on the possibility of Catharine of Aragon being treated in the same style as the French Queen, though the same allegation against her could not be made, as she had actually become a mother.

We are extremely reluctant to point out little blemishes in a work so thoroughly well executed, and one from which we have derived so much pleasure and information; but jealousy for the honour of Campeggio's character compels us to express our regret that Mr. Rawdon Brown has revived the exploded scandal connected with his name, as we had thought, in the first instance by the writer of the "Pelerin Inglese." The historian of the English Reformation, following in the wake of this author, tells us that the Cardinal, on his second legation to England, spent his days in hunting, and his nights in a still more unbecoming occupation. This is simply an embellishment of the story that he brought his son to England with him. Of course so careless a writer as Burnet never troubled his head to inquire further into the matter, or he would have found that Campeggio had been married in early life, and that his children were legitimate. But Mr. Rawdon Brown tells us that Sanuto, in his MS. diary, distinctly states that Campeggio had a natural son, and gives this as the account of the son being mentioned as the prothonotary who accompanied his father on the English embassy. We have not seen Sanuto's diary, but, whether he says so or not, the fact is unquestionably not as is stated by Burnet. It may indeed be doubtful, in the present instance, whether the "F'lo" of the Italian MS. means son or brother. We are inclined to think the latter, for we do not know of any other evidence of his son accompanying him on his first legation to England; but he was undoubtedly with him on his second visit to this country, and was knighted by Henry VIII. It is very singular that the Venetian Records supply us with the information that the Bishopric of Salisbury was promised in reversion to Campeggio in 1529, five years before he succeeded to it by the death of the aged occupant of the see, Edmund Audley. We have scarcely been able to do more than allude to the subjects of interest treated in this volume. The documents are so fully analysed that they may be profitably read by any person who possesses the smallest knowledge of the history of the time. And though an ordinary reader will of course pass by a large proportion of them unnoticed, yet the remainder, relating to subjects of general historical interest, will teach him more of the history of Europe of the period than he can learn from any other work of the same size, whether documentary or historical.

(To be continued.)

GEMS, JEWELS, COINS, AND MEDALS.*

THE singularly discordant judgments passed on the same works of art by men who have given to the subject their undivided attention might furnish some excuse for calling in question all æsthetic canons whatsoever, were it not that this very disagreement points to some warping influences, the removal of which would at once restore peace. Whether this be so or not, it is certain that the criticisms of the most competent art judges exhibit a degree of divergence on the plainest matters of fact which is anything but edifying, and, if they point any moral at all for those who wish to become collectors, it may be briefly summed up in the advice of *Punch* to persons about to marry. Not a few, perhaps, of Dr. Billing's readers who may have felt the temptation of getting together some antique gems or vases will at once give up all idea of so rash an undertaking, and be grateful to him for saving them from the pitfalls which may ensnare the warriest seekers. It is also possible that, if he can induce all collectors to judge of all works solely by their beauty, and without the slightest reference to their age, he will have done good service to the interests of art generally, and removed a stumbling-block which is a greater cause of offence to indifferent spectators than even to those who have been entrapped to their hurt. If he fails, he may at least comfort himself with the thought that he has aimed at no unworthy mark.

Dr. Billing's title is a wide one, but none will deny that his opinions are enunciated with sufficient clearness on the multifarious matters which he has undertaken to treat. Assuredly his trumpet utters no uncertain sound when he tells us that neither Greeks nor Romans were acquainted with steel, that modern gem-cutters have in their tools a great advantage over the ancient workmen, that the old adamant denoted, not our diamond, but corundum, and that the Murrhine bases were made of fluor-spar. On these and other topics of more or less interest, Dr. Billing's arguments and conclusions deserve to be carefully weighed, and to be received with good grace or rejected with caution. The book is perhaps too discursive—a fault which its plan may have made it impossible for him to avoid; nor will unprofessional or unsentimental readers be disposed to quarrel with it on this account. If they wish to be put on their guard, they may certainly go far before they meet again with a more amusing application of Edie Ochiltree's remark on the pretorium of Jonathan Oldbuck; and on this score alone they may pardon the insertion of an autobiography of Pistrucchi, which occupies almost a third part of the volume, even if the life had not in itself something of the interest of the wild narrative of Benvenuto Cellini.

* *The Science of Gems, Jewels, Coins, and Medals, Ancient and Modern.* By Archibald Billing, M.D., A.M., &c. &c. London: Bell & Daldy; J. Mitchell. 1867.

The most signal instance of alleged deception practised on a collector of gems is related by Dr. Billing, by no means for the first or second time; but the conflicting impressions which the story seems to have left on the minds of competent judges fully justify any amount of repetition, until the conclusion to which it seems to point is either established or refuted. This conclusion is not, as the writer of an article on Antique Gems in the *Edinburgh Review* (October, 1866) would have us believe, the throwing of a well-deserved doubt on the discrimination of some gem collectors; but whether or not it be possible for any collectors, trusting to present canons of criticism, to avoid similar snares. Strangely enough, the very reasons given by the Reviewer for questioning the wisdom of Payne Knight are all upset by Dr. Billing with counter-reasons or facts of a rather ominous and obstinate kind. The Reviewer, who evidently thinks that Pistrucchi had engraved his name on the too celebrated Flora, thinks also that the engraver may have put the roses in the hair as a joke. "He could hardly have put them there as an antique attribute. Nor would any artist, who really knew what antique art was and wished to imitate it, have left the rose in a profile portrait undercut in complete relief." Mr. King (of whose works Dr. Billing speaks in terms of very high commendation) is not less dogmatic. He also pronounces it to be "very much undercut and in three-quarters relief, the hair encircled with a garland of red roses in execrable taste, and quite inconsistent with the classic period claimed." Thus thinking, he concludes naturally that a glance at the work would be enough "to make any one possessing the least experience in cameo work pronounce it, at the earliest, a piece from the cinque-cento school, of which it betrays all the peculiarities."

These statements relate partly to matters of taste on which controversy is useless, and partly to questions of fact, which can be brought to a plain issue. Dr. Billing's assertion that it is not undercut bas-relief, but high relief engraved down to the table, is borne out by the following conversation with a skilful engraver who does not share Mr. King's notion of the comparative poverty of the design:—

Are you acquainted with Pistrucchi's works?—Yes; a great many of them.

Have you seen the Flora?—Yes; twice.

Did you examine it?—Yes: a very long time, as it deserved.

Do you think it in his manner?—Not at all.

If you had not been told, to what date would you refer it?—Antique, decidedly.

Not cinque-cento?—Certainly not.

Is it not in that style?—It is in no style; there never was anything like it.

But there is no antique with such a raised up relief?—How could it be otherwise? There was such a thick white under the red of the flowers, and it could not be made less raised; and a beautiful face was cut in it.

But roses are not Grecian or antique?—No? Have you never read or heard of the ancient Greek Anacreon and his roses? Do you think he was cinque-cento?

The history of this gem is at once ludicrous, humiliating, and almost tragic. It was doubtless not a little mortifying to Payne Knight when, convinced of its value as an antique, he showed his prize to Sir Joseph Banks, to find himself in the presence of the man who "minded the bigging o't." Mr. Knight became as angry as the Antiquary, and persisted not less vehemently that Pistrucchi, who claimed it as his own work, must be mistaken. To his assertion that it was the finest Greek cameo in existence, the engraver replied by an expression of thanks for the compliments thus paid to him. Mr. Knight, growing still more angry, said something to Sir Joseph Banks which made Sir Joseph angry with Payne Knight; and when the antiquity of the gem was made to rest on the alleged fact that the flowers in the hair were different from any modern ones and that the seed was lost, Sir Joseph exclaimed "By G—! they are roses, and I am a botanist." What follows cannot be fairly given except in Pistrucchi's own words:—

Then Knight turned his face towards me again, and began to cross-examine me, which was a new thing to me, as it is not the custom in our country, and said very sharply to me "For whom did you do it?" "For Angiolo Bonelli." "How long ago?" "About six years." "How much did he pay you?" "Twenty Roman crowns" (under 5*l.*) "What stone is it?" "It is a breccia di carniola." "How long were you doing it?" "About eight days." "Who had it set in the form of a ring?" "I myself." "For whom?" "For Angiolo Bonelli." "But I think you are mistaken." "Certainly not." "Look at it well." "I do not want to look at it. I remember it as if I had done it at this moment. However, if you look well at the top of the head, you will find upon the twist of the hair a letter, which is my private mark." "That is no proof. You may have got it done, and it may not be your work." "Why should I have got this done, when I know how to do much better?" "I do not believe it. You may say what you please." "It is of no consequence to me. These hands can convince you." "I should like to see." "But many persons in Rome remember when I began and when I finished it, and I have the original model at Rome in my house." In short, after repeated examinations, he gave in, and said, "You will leave England loaded with riches; and I will be the first to tell my friends that you are an extraordinary man."

The promise was not redeemed, and Payne Knight's conduct in the sequel was assuredly most unlike that of a man who loved truth better than his gems. Not choosing to confess himself in error, he challenged Pistrucchi to model a similar subject differently treated; and when he found that the model was more beautiful than his so-called Flora, he went no more to see the engraver. The engraver accordingly went to him, as soon as the model was ready, carrying with him a number of stones, none of which however satisfied Payne Knight, who in the end promised to send Pistrucchi a stone. This was never done; and having further refused to unset the gem and convince himself that the Flora

was a whole cameo, not a fragment, Payne Knight ended by describing it in the catalogue of his gems as a head of Proserpine, with a wreath, not of roses, but pomegranate flowers, and by asserting that the patina found on the gem clearly gave the lie to Pistrucchi—"qui lapidem hunc se sua manu scalpsisse gloriatus est, et se eas (rosas) ad vivum imitando expressisse, pari stultitiâ et impudentiâ asseruit."

This singular history would deserve perhaps no great consideration if we could still, with any degree of truth, adhere to the opinion of the *Edinburgh Reviewer*, that "an eye trained in the recognition of the different mechanical conditions of polish and of surface, in the peculiar application of the tools at different epochs, and in the nature, form, and quality of the stone itself, is not often foiled in the endeavour to find satisfactory evidence as to whether a gem was worked two thousand or one hundred years ago." But unless Dr. Billing's statements can be refuted, these tests are all delusive. We can infer nothing from the supposed action of tools, for when a rival artist said that a gem by Pichler, executed with the diamond point, could never be mistaken for an antique, Pichler "engraved a female head with the diamond point, and having broken a bit off, gave the remainder to one of the dealers to show to the connoisseurs as a disinterred fragment; it was produced at a meeting of these wiseheads, including the sceptical artist who concurred in proclaiming it a veritable antique fragment, when Pichler told what he had done, and produced the other piece in confirmation." Nor can any greater trust be placed in the modern dates assigned to some gems. "That is one of our pastes," said a very eminent engraver of a veritable ancient work. "Indeed!" "But examine it." Having done so with a powerful lens, "Yes, it is." "But it is well polished in the work, and has marks of wear outside." "Yes, that we call fire glory." "Indeed! but you can mark a paste on the edge with a file, or on the face with a gun-flint." "Yes." "Well, try it," handing him a gun-flint, which is carried in the pocket for the purpose; but it was not to be scratched. "Why, really it is a stone."

On the names inscribed on gems we must look, it seems, with even more suspicion; and the result of patient investigation justifies, we are told, a stronger scepticism than that of Sir Cornwall Lewis, when he maintained that no public monument can certify its own authenticity:—

Mr. King tells us that Koehler boldly asserts that there are but four gems in existence bearing the indubitable signature of the engraver; he says, however, that an archaeologist of the greatest experience is of opinion that the number might extend to sixty. He himself thinks that in all the collections of Europe taken together there are certainly not a hundred gems inscribed with the genuine name of the author.

Even if they are not forged, they may be names of the owner, or of the person whose portrait it bears. In the Poniatowsky collection there were from seven to eight hundred forged names, the handiwork throughout being so uniform as to make it likely that they were all inscribed by one person. "In fine," concludes Dr. Billing, "the names on gems are utterly unworthy of attention." How, then, are we to get out of the labyrinth? Never, in Dr. Billing's opinion, if mere age is to be a criterion of beauty. The instances which he gives of admiration expressed by eminent art-critics for old gems "as ugly as sin," while a mere passing glance was given to modern works of exquisite beauty, betray a slavery of judgment which must be a constant cause of disaster. "If connoisseurs who are fond of gems would trust to their own eyes and taste, and purchase only what is beautiful, whether antique or modern, it would bring things to a just value." The doctrine seems necessary for these times, and the advice is none the less wholesome because, if it were followed, it would strike at the root of many time-honoured fallacies and prepossessions.

But perhaps none are sane on all points; and Dr. Billing is not without need of the physician when he comes to talk of "the age of Pythagoras and the Olympic Games," of "the apotheosis of the dead Latin language established by a host of worshippers," and of the connexion of the old Etruscans with the shepherd kings of Egypt. He must forgive us for pointing out the astounding bit of anthropomorphism which tells us that "the human figure is the most beautiful thing in nature, as being made after God's own image and likeness." Surely Dr. Billing would not wish us to believe that his idea of God is indefinitely lower than that of Æschylus.

LES CORBEAUX DE GÉVAUDAN.*

M. DE PONTMARTIN has adopted a plan in this novel which we could sometimes wish was commoner. He has, that is, treated us in the preface to a criticism on his own work. The advantages offered by this device to the unscrupulous reviewer are too obvious to be noticed; it would be easy by its assistance to write a puff or a condemnation of the novel without reading one of its pages. Of course it is not for such a reason that we feel grateful for this specimen of self-criticism. On the contrary, it enables us to feel more confident that we are doing justice to the author. We cannot have overlooked the points which he considers to be specially conspicuous, nor the defence which the person most interested can set up for its weak points. If he is to be condemned for literary misdemeanours, he has at any rate taken care to secure a fair hearing. It would be

pleasant if novelists would give us by anticipation answers to the questions which we generally long to put to them. Why, we say, in the name of all that is reasonable, should you add another drop to the deluge of fiction? Where is it that you fancy that you have really added anything to literature which can justify you in taking your MS. to a publisher, and the publisher in wasting good paper and ink upon your products, and sending them to be a torment to the soul of a righteous critic? The answer, if frankly given, would, as a rule, be a simple reference to certain pecuniary considerations. But the mere fact of having to put forward a decent excuse in public would perhaps induce some rash scribblers to pause, and at least to endeavour to make themselves more presentable before rushing into print. They would discover that the publication of trash is a moral offence, which at least demands some proof of extenuating circumstances.

M. de Pontmartin tells us what are his motives, and takes lofty ground in justifying his work. A novel, in his opinion, should be the illustration by action of some social or moral truth. This particular novel is connected with a whole order of grave and useful thoughts. People in France have lately been considering the subject of "*réhabilitation judiciaire*"; and the *Corbeaux de Gévaudan* appears, fortunately, at a moment when grave legislators are endeavouring to fill up a hiatus by which humanity and justice are equally saddened. That is to say, the novel is written to prove that when an innocent man has been found guilty, and the error of the conviction has been established, there ought to be due means for re-establishing him, as far as possible, in character and position. To this we can only say that the truth seems so obvious that it was scarcely necessary to write a novel to prove it. The only real question can be, what are the best means of compensating the innocent man for the injury involuntarily inflicted upon him; and to write a novel, showing how one man was wrongfully convicted of murder, and how his innocence was afterwards established, throws no light upon this part of the problem. So far, then, we must decline to admit that M. de Pontmartin has made out a sufficient case for claiming public attention. He proceeds, however, to allege another reason which is a good deal more to the point. The fact is simply that M. de Pontmartin has got hold of a very good true story which is well adapted to serve as groundwork for a fiction. Some years ago a woman received the prize of virtue for a remarkable performance. Her husband had been accused of a horrible murder, and on trial was acquitted by a majority of one. His wife, however, felt that his reputation was by no means re-established by the verdict, and pledged herself solemnly before the Court to bring the real murderers to justice. She acted as an amateur detective for seven years, continually observing two men whom she suspected. At the end of that time she managed to overhear them conversing in a room, and disputing as to the division of the remaining part of the booty. Thereupon the two men were tried, found guilty, and executed, and the reputation of the husband completely restored. It might be urged that this story would naturally become what M. de Pontmartin calls a "roman à sensations." He has, therefore, taken particular care to avoid this imputation by the simple device of telling us the catastrophe at the beginning of the story. We are introduced to the two principal characters in the act of living very happily ever afterwards, and are then told of the trials which they had previously endured. M. de Pontmartin thus heroically renounces all such interest as may be derived from keeping his readers in suspense through the varying involutions of a successful plot. He deserves every credit for the self-denial, although it cannot be said to be in this instance very great. Given a virtuous hero, wrongfully accused of a murder, and no one can be in much doubt as to the nature of the catastrophe. This mode of telling a story from the end may, however, be commended as forcing a very useful discipline upon the author. It is a good test of the solid merits of a novel that we can read it with equal or even greater interest when we know beforehand the nature of the plot. The sensation story is objectionable artistically—not because it introduces hideous crimes and profound mysteries, but because it relies exclusively upon those sources of interest. When the crime is perpetrated and the mystery cleared up, the attraction vanishes. When we know what is the skeleton that has been kept in the hero's cupboard, and how the catastrophe is to crush the villains and reward the virtuous persons, we find that the characters are themselves worthless. The duty of representing nature has been sacrificed in the effort to obtain startling incidents and complicated interweavings of intrigue. Now, if it were necessary for novelists to prefix a short "argument" to their works after the fashion of epic poets, they would be driven to affect us by more legitimate means. If such a book as the *Woman in White*, for example, were prefaced by a short analysis of the story, we could see how far our interest in the narrative suffered. If the book were still readable, we might pronounce it to contain really good workmanship. If it became intolerable, we should see that it had before merely given us the comparatively childish amusement of waiting for the answer to a series of cunningly contrived riddles.

M. de Pontmartin, then, heroically rests his chief claims upon the character of the heroine; and here again he treats us to a defence against some real or imaginary critics. The story differs from the original upon which it is founded, in so far as a pair of lovers are substituted for the husband and wife, and the man is condemned to hard labour for life instead of being acquitted. Whilst he is at the galleys, his promised wife is engaged in acting as spy upon the real assassins. In order to discover them

* *Les Corbeaux de Gévaudan*. Par M. A. de Pontmartin. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1868.

more effectually, she allows one of them to fall in love with her, and even goes so far as to elope with him from her father's house. She has the police in readiness, and the villain is arrested just as he fancies himself to have finally escaped from a dangerous neighbourhood, and to be on the point of marrying the bride of his victim. On this, says M. de Pontmartin, a charge has been made of an unnecessary injury to the delicacy of the heroine's character. She was quite right in endeavouring to unmask the real perpetrator of the crime for which her lover was suffering. There was no objection to her listening to his conversation behind bushes, or following him about to trace the plunder which he had acquired; but when it comes to making love to him and drawing him into a trap for the benefit of the police, it is said that the lady is going too far. This raises rather a nice point of casuistry. We confess that we rather incline to the opinion expressed by the venerable clergyman in *Ametia*, who thought that he should be ashamed of no deed by which he might serve an honest man or bring a rogue to the gallows. Doubtless we have certain sentiments of fair play even as regards murderers. Admitting detectives to be necessary members of society, we would rather not do their duty ourselves. M. de Pontmartin's heroine, however, has a motive strong enough to raise her above such considerations. Whenever a young lady's lover is in prison for a murder committed by another man, we hold that the murderer has no right to expect that she will observe any sort of delicacy about the means of discovering him. Whenever such a combination of circumstances occurs again, we shall be prepared, like the gallant captain of the *Thunderbolt* in a still more difficult case, very much to applaud what she has done. M. de Pontmartin has, however, a still better excuse. The question is not what a well-educated lady at Paris ought to do in such a case, but what a Southern peasant-girl, suffering from a cruel injury, would be likely to do; and we quite agree that she is far more lifelike in ignoring overstrained points of delicacy, when her lover is to be saved, than she would be in observing them. It is rather odd that a French novelist should be attacked because his heroine does not observe proper etiquette in dealing with a murderer; perhaps it is felt that, when a thoroughly virtuous lady comes upon the stage, it is a pity we should not make the most of so unusual a phenomenon.

The defence which M. de Pontmartin has made by anticipation is directed against assailants of such a captious nature that one almost suspects them to be imaginary. He is so clearly right in the points which he argues that we fancy that the preface may be an ingenious device for diverting us from the really weak points of the book. It is very common for novelists, as for other persons, to prove conclusively that they are blameless of some accusation which no reasonable man would bring, and to fancy that they have established their innocence. We say that they are wrong for a purer description of vice, and they reply that such vice actually exists; or we argue that a novel ought not to depend for its interest simply on a thrilling number, and they answer that there are several murders in *Hamlet*. Perhaps we may guess that M. de Pontmartin is so eager to defend himself from being sensational because he is dull, or to justify his heroine for detecting the murderer, because we really fancy that the detection is nothing very wonderful after all. We will add therefore that, on the whole, the novel is really better than this elaborate defence of unassailable points would lead us to anticipate. People whose whole pleasure in novel-reading does not consist in being kept upon the tenter-hooks of suspense will find the story interesting; it is well told, the situations are powerful, and the characters are for the most part good vigorous sketches. It is incidentally interesting to Englishmen, as illustrating the tendency of the French system to encourage officials in establishing their reputation for acuteness by bullying the unfortunate accused in a manner which is neither fair, according to our notions, nor apparently favourable to discovering truth under all circumstances.

THE HANDY-BOOK OF THE FLOWER-GARDEN.*

IN times when, in gardening as in all else, fashion is everything, and old favourites have small chance of esteem in comparison with new fancies and fandangles, it is a great thing to get liberal and comprehensive views from one who is thoroughly master of his art, and to get them, too, in a handy form. Mrs. Loudon's *Gardening for Ladies* is a "handy volume," but then it is for ladies. Mr. Loudon's invaluable encyclopedia is all-sufficient for reference or research, but its very name bespeaks bulk and unhandiness. One or two recent works on landscape and architectural gardening are fairly portable and compendious; but on "flower-gardens" a manual of moderate dimensions has been much wanted; that is to say, a *bonâ fide* manual by a practical man, having sympathies with his vocation, and of sufficient standing therein to claim the attention both of amateurs and professionals. Such a want is supplied by Mr. David Thompson, who seems to have had abundant experience in English floriculture, in which he has been engaged, it would appear, both near London and in various parts of England and Scotland, and who, moreover, is no stranger to the trials or triumphs involved in making a "desert smile," and in attempting in an unkindly climate achievements in which inferior craftsmen would fail with

every resource of soil, climate, and appliances. Like the cook in the neglected French château, he seems to know how to produce results in inverse ratio to his means; and therefore, while his lessons on the culture and arrangement and laying out of gardens are such as a novice might take in, they will be ratified by, and command the respect of, practical men.

What we are particularly taken with in this book is the even hand with which the author assigns its proper praise and place to unfashionable systems of floriculture, as well as to that at present in vogue. Modern floriculture has a tendency to thrust aside *herbaceous* planting, and the promiscuous style prevalent thirty years ago; and to make no provision for spring and winter, but to exhaust all its resources in summer and autumn. Then it is that the rich subside into their country seats; and because a head-gardener of the second class was probably, in his early days, an under-gardener at some house where the family was non-resident during the London season, the habit of letting spring take care of itself, and concentrating all efforts upon making autumn brilliant with masses and groups of colour, is apt to infect even the gardens of those who reside on their estates all the year round. The parterres starve for half the year, and are filled to repletion during the other half, under the very eye of the proprietor. Now Mr. Thompson has a taste sufficiently catholic to lead him to recommend a compromise; and the most interesting feature in his book is the pains and skill which he devotes to giving each system its due—decking the parterres during summer and autumn with choice profusion of bedding-out plants in geometrical, ribboned, and panelled groups, and at the same time finding room in a distinct niche of the garden (as in the long border at Bothwell Castle) for the mixed arrangement of hardy herbaceous flowers, which are more long-lived, if, as they still remain in spite of improvements in selection and colour, undeniably less brilliant. What is more, he nowise forgets the claims of spring flowers to occupy, in their season, to a far larger extent than modern custom approves, the places of the luxuriously nurtured summer blooms which are eventually to succeed them. Nor can we discern that he has much bias of favour or affection towards either system above the other; and although he prudently counsels the gardener to consult before all else his employer's wishes and requirements, it must be owned that he labours loyally to open the way to successful floriculture alike on the mixed, the grouped, and the spring-garden principle, by most valuable hints on propagation, cultivation, laying-out, and arrangement as regards each. There is infinite satisfaction in having so conscientious and intelligent a guide; and those who avail themselves of his counsels will neither err, in point of vulgarity, as to the colours of their massed beds, nor provoke comparison between these and the mixed beds by injudicious proximity. They will also command a gaiety of plot and parterre, in the early spring, which in front of too many country-houses is "conspicuous by its absence."

It is idle to deny a certain precedence to "summer grouping," and so Mr. Thompson devotes to it his earlier chapters. An idea of the comparatively recent date of this system may be gathered from his sketch of the rise and multiplication of variegated pelargoniums. The silver-edged varieties, now almost numberless, date from 1850. The tricolors, undreamed of thirty years back, combine now "in one leaf the colours of the rainbow, and vie in beauty of marking with the tenants of our stoves." Indeed on the improvement of the pelargonium (why, oh why, may we not call it geranium?) more pains have been bestowed with commensurate success than on any other bedding plant; nor need any one despair of making them the *pièce de résistance* of his autumn garden who adopts Mr. Thompson's rules for their propagation and cultivation, whether his means consist in a pit, or a greenhouse, or a cold frame, or even a bow-window of a spare room. The select lists of different varieties of these—according as foliage, blossom, or scent is their speciality—which this volume furnishes, will assist those who are making, or adding to, a collection; indeed, the similar lists of other classes of plants, with marks affixed to denote hardiness or delicacy, are a very valuable feature in it. Verbenas and calceolarias meet with equal thoroughness of treatment, and modes of management are suggested, applicable both in cases where there is no lack of means, and where appliances are few and far between. After these the rank and file of the summer and autumn floral world pass in array, some conspicuous genus now and then out-topping the rest. Amongst these the "gladioli" stand out as a class vastly improved of late years; and having this recommendation, that they are easy to manage, and, in good soils, double themselves in the year. They are well suited to a style of gardening which rejoices in back-lines, or striking effects in the shape of fine plants surmounting a mass of Lobelia, or some such dwarf ground of compact bloom. Our only fault with the chapter which reviews these genera of summer and autumn grouping-plants is that the arrangement adopted is alphabetical, whereas, had it been according to sorts or classes, the boon would have been more complete. It would have been handier to keep distinct and in separate sections the edging plants, the tall back-line plants, the silver-greys, the pale and variegated greens. As it is, *Perilla Nankinensis* is separated by several pages from *Coleus Verschaffelti* and *Iresine Herbstii*; "Dactylis Glomerata," a variegated native grass (p. 88), is treated of, not along with others of its tribe, but just after the *Sensation Chrysanthemum* and just before *Fuchias*; while *Tritomas*, *Gladioli*, *Linum Grandiflorum*, and *Arundo Donax*, all akin in some sense, are by no means classed together in

* *The Handy-Book of the Flower-Garden.* By David Thompson, Gardener to Lady Mary Claude Nisbet Hamilton. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1868.

enumeration. It would have enhanced our gratitude to one who does so much to simplify the work of amateurs and novices, had he thrown into one group the whole race of silvery-edging-plants, of which the chief representatives are *Centaurea Argentea*, *Stachys Lanata*, and *Cerastium Tomentosum*. We might have been glad, too, of greater condescension to our ignorance in the supply of alternative English names. Experts can hardly understand the thankfulness of the uninitiated when they find that a great many old familiar friends of the flower-bed are not really disbanded, but simply disguised by Latin names in the florist's calendar. But we must not re-echo the long-standing grievance that

Artemisia grow where wormwood grew,

but pass on to other features of Mr. Thompson's *Flower-Garden*. Very interesting are the details of his success in supplementing his out-door decoration with such ornamental foliaged plants as *Yuccas*, *Dracenas*, *Cannas*, *Phormiums*, &c.; and his suggestion that the same experiment might be tried in mild climates of Great Britain with *Crotons* and *Caladiums*. He is enthusiastic in his account of how he breaks up flat spaces of colour by intermixing bolder plants; indeed, this idea, which, if he did not originate, he most extensively adapts to practice, seems to be the key-note of his flower-garden arrangements. The basis of some beds, he tells us, at Mayfield, near Falkirk, was small hollies and conifers, surmounted by gladioli, two feet and a half apart, very beautiful while in bloom, and striking afterwards for their sedge-like foliage. This principle is obviously applicable to each of the seasons, with the necessary substitution of evergreens for delicate plants, and delicate plants for spring flowers, for groundwork or central objects, according to circumstances. In French gardens, according to Mr. Knight of Ponchartrain (p. 130), the *Arundo Donax* and *Polymnia Grandis* dominate a carpet-like surface of *Cerastium Tomentosum* and *Gazania Splendens*, edged with *Iresine Herbstii*. *Cannas* tower over a groundwork of scarlet verbenas, and the blending of handsome-foliaged plants with flowers in bed or border is carried out in endless triumphs and surprises. Mr. Thompson's mission seems to be to apply this principle. In spring he would cover the surface of a bed with nice green moss, *Cerastium Tomentosum*, *Viola Cornuta*, or some dwarfier growing annuals, and out of this he would make hyacinths, tulips, or iris plants stand forth in graceful and effective dottings. Close growing evergreens, e.g. the various ivies, also supply him groundwork for such panel plants as small conifers, variegated hollies, or *Garrya Ellipticas*. These, when summer comes, he would remove, and fill up their places with specimen pelargoniums, and such like summer flowers; while, in season, he would welcome even spring's contributions to the flower-beds, by placing them around the edgings. Mr. Thompson claims to have been the first to practise "panelling" in long borders, in preference to "ribboning." He takes a groundwork of one colour and relieves it by a panel of slightly elevated distinct plants, into which he is fond of inserting some fine, tall, foliaged plant for a central object. This sort of panelling finds a simple illustration in design No. 7, which is explained with great clearness at pp. 312-13. The principles of colouring which are advocated are, contrast of colours for far-off effect, harmony for near views, and occasionally a happy combination of both principles, as when a centre of yellow with a harmonizing zone of white is finished off with a contrasting fringe of blue or purple (p. 279).

The chapters on hardy annuals, herbaceous perennials, &c., are designed to redeem these half-forgotten flowers from their at present second-rate position; and as the author aspires to make gardening available for the million, as well as for the millionaire, he has done well to maintain the claims of less costly floral luxuries. Indeed, not a few annuals, *Nemophilas*, *Saponarias*, &c., are pressed into the service of summer as well as spring, and the hardy herbaceous flowers have their peculiar merit, "not as rivals, but as relieving parties," to the bedding-out and massed plants. In truth, while among these can be numbered *Anemones*, *Asters*, *Campanulas*, *Dielytras*, and *Gentianas*, and other hardy plants, to make almost as gay, and certainly quite as lasting, a show as their more pampered rivals or successors, it is hard to say what are the advantages on the side of wealth and fashion. "For sweetness and chasteness of effect," writes Mr. Thompson, who is a great advocate for occupying, till they come, the place of summer and autumn masses with effective groups of spring-flowers, "many of the spring combinations surpass those of autumn, and many of the spring-flowers are as brilliant, and some much more so, as any that autumn can produce." He instances the deep bright blue of the Squill, the Gentian, the Forget-me-not, and the vivid scarlet of the Anemone. Some of his appended designs, too, suggest bed-arrangements capable of no mean display, when filled with spring flowers, according to the same rules, and with the same eye to colour effects, as are applied to the specially nursed flowers of autumn. Upon Mr. Thompson's pages touching rose-culture it is less needful to dwell, because he is confessedly indebted in them to the well-known *Rose-Garden* of Mr. William Paul. It is satisfactory, however, to find that he prefers the common dog-rose to the Manetti stocks for budding; and it is useful to know that he attaches vast importance to liquid manure, in rose-cultivation. In his chapter on alpine plants, hardy ferns, and aquatics (pp. 185-202), he opens a delightful and most attractive field for amateur gardening; and we feel, as we read it, the good time coming, when our slopes and rockeries will be sheeted with *Silene Acaulis* and *Gentiana*

Verna in never-ending masses of rose and blue colour. Only we must give them deep soil and plenty of sun. The "fernery" is so popular a hobby that it needs no commemoration, but we think that all who can command ever so small an extent of water will do well to study the list of select aquatic plants, and to take a hint or two how to make water as well as earth blooming and verdant. How much to be preferred to the garden-pond in the very rays of the sun, and productive of scum and rotteness, is the cared-for piece of water, however small, when

Pale water-lilies float thereon,
The Naiads' loveliest wreath!
The adders' tongues dip down to drink;
The flag peers high above the brink,
From her long slender sheath.

We could have wished to go more at length into the elaborate chapters on "arrangement of colours" and "arrangement and planting of beds." But description of these is nothing without diagrams and drawings, and it will do the earnest reader more good to puzzle them out for himself. His mentor, Mr. Thompson, will never fail him by lack of clearness and perspicuity. And the volume, let us add, ought to be studied from end to end. Up and down it are sown invaluable suggestive hints, such as that it is generally safe "to reduce the area of your flower-garden by one-third," with a view to concentration of effect—a capital hint, although we are inclined to resent the mania of the present day for turfing over old and favourite beds to make croquet-grounds for the display of neat ankles and dandy boots. Another golden maxim is to curtail colour by foliage; another, to water once a week almost to irrigation, and ply the Dutch-hoe the next morning after watering, so as to keep the surface-soil well stirred (354), instead of, as most amateur waterers do, sprinkling a little water on the beds every evening, and letting the surface become caked thereby, so that the plants get hard and wiry. For planting-out purposes we would call attention to the very clever miniature "transplanting machine" described and illustrated in p. 349. It would be beyond price to amateurs and ladies.

To sum up, this *Handy-Book* deserves a welcome from all classes interested in floriculture. The *laudatores temporis acti*, still wedded to the old formal border, still ready to maintain that the new-fashioned rose,

With its fine foreign name, is scentless, pale,
Compared with the old cabbage,

will find their weakness respected—nay, indulged. The lovers, and there are many, of Nature in her spring attire will learn from it a hundred new ways to adjust her mantle. And those who have no care or thought for anything save an autumn display in the groups and masses of heliotrope, verbenas, calceolarias, and geraniums, cannot better secure the effectual carrying out of their wishes than by presenting this *Handy-Book of the Flower-Garden* to their gardener's Library.

GAME BIRDS OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.*

IN this handsome volume Mr. Lloyd has continued his contributions to a study of the natural history of the Scandinavian peninsula. The vast pine forests that, commencing at Altengårde in Norway, 70° N. lat., stretch southward almost without interruption, are the home of an immense variety of game birds, some of which are only preserved from extinction by the inaccessibility of their haunts. Foremost amongst these is the capercali, or cock of the woods, the largest of European gallinaceous birds. They are not peculiar to Scandinavia, being frequently met with in Hungary and in many parts of European Russia, and occasionally in France. An attempt was made some years ago by Sir Fowell Buxton to introduce them into these islands, and we believe that the experiment succeeded to a certain extent. They require a large extent of woods, as they feed on the buds and berries of certain trees, and it would be scarcely possible to find in England a district suitable to their requirements; but they have flourished admirably at Taymouth, and it was estimated a few years ago that there were nearly two thousand of them on the Breadalbane estates. They roost on trees, as a general rule, but when the weather is very severe, they burrow horizontally into the snow, and rest in comfortable shelter till the morning. As there are, or were till quite recently, no game-laws in Sweden, every man and boy wages war against the capercali; and from their large size, and short and heavy flight, they are pretty sure to fall victims to the clumsiest shooter. And, as they are generally pursued in the pairing season, and cocks and hens slaughtered indiscriminately without mercy, they would soon disappear altogether if the stock were not kept up in the recesses of the forest to which it is impossible to penetrate. When the pairing season commences, about the beginning of April, the male bird collects the hens round him by his *spel*, or love-song. Year after year they assemble at the same spots, which thus become known to the hunter. The *spel* of the capercali consists of three notes, which are repeated continually in regular sequence. The first resembles the sound of two dry sticks struck together. The second is like the sound of a cork being drawn out of a bottle. The third has been compared with the sucking in of the breath, or the sound caused by sharpening an edged tool on a whetstone. It is remarkable that though

* *The Game Birds and Wild Fowl of Sweden and Norway; together with an Account of the Seals and Salt-water Fishes of those Countries.* By L. Lloyd. London: Day & Son. 1867.

during the utterance of the first two notes the capercali is on the alert and difficult to approach, yet during the continuance of the third and last he becomes perfectly insensible to danger. His head is thrown backwards, and his neck waves to and fro; his tail is expanded and stands at right angles to his body; froth issues from his mouth, the globe of the eye is covered with the nictitating membrane, the organs of hearing are contracted; he trembles to such a degree that the pine on which he is perched vibrates all through, and his ecstasy of passion is such that he takes no notice of even the report of a gun. It is at these moments that he falls an easy prey to the hunter. By remaining perfectly still during the first two notes of the *spel*, and advancing only while the third is being sung, he gradually comes within range, and the fate of the noble bird is sealed. Though the hens are far more wary, yet their affection is so great that they will often remain by the side of their fallen mates, and suffer themselves to be taken with the hand. But the cock bird, being more valuable, is more incessantly persecuted, and the slaughter is so great that numbers of barren hens are met with in the forest that have been unable to provide themselves with mates. Where there are several male birds together during the pairing season their capture is additionally easy; for when not accessible during the continuance of the *spel*, they fight so furiously together as to be totally forgetful of their own safety, and the noise made by their bills and their wings is sure to attract the attention of the watchful hunter. During these combats they have not unfrequently been secured with the hand. The capercali is held in much esteem for the table. In former years a cock bird could be bought for a shilling, and a hen for sixpence; but these prices have been much augmented by the increasing scarcity.

Most of the foregoing remarks will also apply to black game, which are very abundant in Scandinavia, and in estimation rank next to the capercali. Every sort of device is employed to shoot, to snare, and to trap them. And as no effort is made to check the prodigious increase of all kinds of vermin, winged and four-footed, that swarm everywhere, there is no wonder that the numbers of black game are diminished and their price doubled. Partridges, which are not indigenous, having been introduced into Sweden in the sixteenth century, are comparatively scarce. The red-legged variety is not known, nor have the attempts to acclimatize the pheasant succeeded hitherto. The multitude of birds of prey and of vermin, and the severity of the winters, are against the favourable issue of the experiment. Though the Scandinavian forests are the native home of the woodcock, yet they are so dispersed over an immense area that it is extremely difficult to come across them, and they offer no inducement to a sporting visitor. Nor have the people any notion of cooking them, for they invariably throw away the trail. Mr. Lloyd thinks that fewer woodcocks, in proportion to their numbers, are killed in Scandinavia than any other birds coming under the denomination of game. His own performances never amounted to more than a bag of two brace in a day in the interior of the country, and four brace and a half on the coast during the migrating season. What is this compared to the sport that may be obtained in Ireland, not to speak of the Morea, where in twenty days two English sportsmen bagged nearly nine hundred woodcocks? Far different is the case with wild fowl and aquatic birds generally. The lakes and rivers of Sweden swarm with these, and the innumerable islands along the coast are their chosen breeding places. During a continuance of severe frosts they congregate wherever they can find openings in the ice, and the scene at these apertures is extraordinary:—

Figures would give no idea of their numbers; and when they took wing, it was not simultaneously, but in succession, like unto clouds of dust that arise on a highway when swept by a whirlwind. Owing to their being so closely packed together, it would have been impossible for the whole of them to have flown up at once; and when they were all fairly on the wing, they literally darkened the air. The open channel spoken of was fringed with the dead and the dying. Many had perished from starvation, whilst not a few, owing to their helpless condition, had been killed with sticks. Others, again, had been destroyed by birds of prey, more especially eagles, several of which were perched on hummocks of ice, gorged with the blood of their victims.

The most valuable of these aquatic birds is the eider-duck, whose down is an important article of commerce. Of late they have been protected from indiscriminate slaughter on certain islands on the coast of Norway, and this seasonable measure will no doubt lead to an increased supply of down. At present, despite the enormous numbers in the Scandinavian seas, the principal supply is obtained from Iceland and Greenland.

The chase of the seal is an important part of the occupation of the Swedish fishermen. Many varieties abound in those seas, and the methods adopted for capturing them are diverse. Their sense of hearing is so acute, and their love for music so great, that a few notes from a flute will bring scores of them to the surface within a minute or two. They are intelligent creatures, rather fond than otherwise of the presence of man, and easily domesticated. The Scandinavian seal-hunter shoots, traps, or hooks them according to circumstances, but perhaps the favourite plan is to shoot them as they are reposing on some isolated rock a little above the surface of the water. If not killed outright they are sure to roll off and sink to the bottom, in which case recourse must be had to the seal telescope, an instrument somewhat similar to that with which oyster-beds are reconnoitred. The position of the seals being thus determined, they are then recovered with

grappling irons. The walrus, though rarely found out of the Polar regions, is most assiduously sought for, and, despite the inaccessibility of its haunts, is becoming scarcer and scarcer. Man is not its only enemy, for it is the favourite prey of the polar bear, and if it seeks refuge under water from its formidable opponents on land it is attacked by the whale and the swordfish. The walrus is extremely valuable to its captor. Its oil is prized more than that of the whale; its hide supplies the materials for dress and for boots; its flesh is much esteemed, and its ivory is superior to that of the elephant in whiteness and in density. For the manufacture of artificial teeth walrus ivory, when obtainable, is exclusively used.

The men of Sweden and Norway have always been mighty fishermen, and the cod fisheries give occupation to an immense number of hands. The cod is one of the most prolific of fishes, zoologists having counted upwards of nine million eggs in a single female. The chief seat of the Scandinavian cod fisheries is in the Lofoden Islands, on the west coast of Norway. About twenty thousand men are employed, and about sixteen million fish are captured annually. The Swedish herring fisheries were at one time the largest in Europe, but at present, during the temporary disappearance of the fish, they have dwindled away. The causes which influence the movements of the herring—one of the most capricious of fish—are a puzzle which naturalists have as yet failed to solve. They are not migratory, as was at one time believed—that is, they seldom wander far from the place where they were bred; but they are influenced by certain hidden and unexplained causes at one time to remain for years in the deep sea, and at another to come close in to land in enormous numbers. During the first half of the sixteenth century herrings entirely deserted the Swedish coasts. In 1556 they reappeared, and remained for thirty-one years in the shallow waters. Throughout this period they were taken in incalculable numbers; “thousands of ships came annually from Denmark, Germany, Friesland, Holland, England, and France, to purchase the fish, of which sufficient were always found for them to carry away to their own or other countries. . . . From the small town of Marstrand alone some two million four hundred thousand bushels were yearly exported.” In 1587 the herrings disappeared, and remained absent for seventy-three years, till 1660. In 1727 they returned, and again in 1747, remaining till 1808, and during this last period the fisheries were persecuted with extraordinary zeal, industry, and success. The Government gave every encouragement to settlers, and it was computed that during the last bright years as many as fifty thousand strangers took part in them. In 1808 the herrings once more disappeared, and have never returned since. Immense suffering has of course been inflicted by this paralysis of one of the chief industries of the country, and many have been the attempted explanations of the phenomenon. For a detailed enumeration of these we must refer readers to Mr. Lloyd’s volume, but it may be said that experience does not seem to give confirmation to any one of them. The cause must still be considered as quite unknown; but we may fairly assume, according to historical precedents, that after a certain period of absence the herrings will again return. The suffering which has been caused by a belief that their stay would be permanent, instead of temporary, will on future occasions be lessened by an indulgence in less sanguine expectations.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IT is too often repeated, by ignorant and prejudiced persons, that amongst our neighbours on the other side of the Channel all enthusiasm for noble undertakings is dead, that men of high character excite no sympathy, and that selfishness is everywhere the order of the day. This very serious accusation is fortunately devoid of foundation, as is sufficiently shown by the posthumous publication of M. Ampère’s works. Every volume which appears before the world comes introduced by a short but touching preface from some friend who feels a melancholy pleasure in bringing his tribute of affectionate remembrance to the name of an illustrious man. The other day it was the Prince de Broglie, to-day it is M. de Sauley. We have often drawn the attention of our readers to the universality of M. Ampère’s genius. There was scarcely a branch of literature or of science which he did not explore, and which did not afford him the opportunity of making new friends; for those persons whom community of pursuits had once brought into contact with him could not help being permanently attracted towards a man equally distinguished by the noblest qualities of the heart and the highest intellectual gifts. The new octavo now before us* is devoted to a *compte-rendu* of M. Ampère’s journey to Egypt and Nubia. Before undertaking so distant an expedition, the author surrounded himself with all the books which might supply him with the best information on the mysteries of hieroglyphics; he studied Champollion’s grammar, mastered the scheme of the language which renders peculiarly interesting the ruins of Thebes and Cairo, and was soon capable of describing in his clear and beautiful language, for the benefit of the general public, problems till then accessible only to the learned. But, as M. Ampère somewhere remarks, Egypt offers to us many other points of interest besides those connected with archaeology. The country itself

* *Voyage en Égypte et en Nubie.* Par J. J. Ampère. Paris: Lévy.

deserves to be studied, for there is scarcely an element in the moral or intellectual civilization of the Old World which has not contributed its share towards the greatness of Egypt. It is under the impression of such ideas that the reader should take up M. Ampère's present volume, which is one of the most valuable in the whole series of his works.

M. Feuillet de Conches has published separately the correspondence of Madame Elizabeth*, which forms part of the collection of letters and documents that he is now editing on the history of the French Royal Family during the Revolution. Every one knows what a bitter controversy has arisen respecting the authenticity of certain parts of that voluminous *recueil*; but the letters of Madame Elizabeth are not included amongst the doubtful pieces. M. Feuillet de Conches preserves all the biographical and historical notes contained in the larger work, and he adds a short introductory sketch of the life of the princess, as well as a few details respecting the persons mentioned in the correspondence. The Archbishop of Paris, who saw the proof-sheets as the book was passing through the press, remarks in a prefatory letter on the edifying nature of the documents here printed. Finally, an excellent alphabetical index, a portrait, and some facsimiles of autographs, deserve to be noticed.

The curious book which M. Dauban has just published† is not, properly speaking, a history of the National Convention, and of the fierce struggle which took place between the various shades of demagogism as soon as the Republic was proclaimed in France; it is a terrible sketch of Jacobinism, when Jacobinism was rampant. M. Dauban acknowledges that the Convention too often displayed the most wanton cruelty, and brought France nearly to the brink of ruin; but he weighs, on the other hand, the great things accomplished by the revolutionary Government, and he is almost inclined to strike the balance in its favour. As an introduction to the volume, M. Dauban has printed a letter written by himself to a Robespierist friend of his, and which is an eloquent denunciation of the Reign of Terror. Why should Republican theories, he asks, be doomed to be always under suspicion, and to be considered indissolubly associated with misrule and barbarism? To this question it would be difficult to give a satisfactory answer; but it is certain that a faithful record of the events which marked the year 1793 in France will long tend to discountenance Republicanism. M. Dauban's work consists chiefly of a reprint of a production which had become extremely scarce—we mean Beaulieu's *Souvenirs de l'Histoire; ou Journal de la Révolution de France pour l'An de grâce 1797*. These *Souvenirs* had already been quoted by several historians, especially MM. Berville and Barrière, and although they are far from being impartial in their estimates of men and events, they are of the utmost value as giving the genuine impressions of a person who related only what he saw. Our author has added to Beaulieu's text a commentary or supplement taken from the numerous gazettes of the day, the police reports, the publications of Prudhomme, Mercier du Bocher, Sirey, &c. Amongst other interesting documents we may mention those which concern Marat and Charlotte Corday, the description of the execution of Louis XVI. taken from the *Magicien Républicain*, an appendix on the trial of Madame Dubarry, &c. A large proportion of the pieces inserted by M. Dauban are quite *inédits*—as, for instance, a letter addressed by Lacroix to Danton, Valazé's account of one of the sittings at the Convention, a number of papers concerning Roland and his wife, &c. Several engravings add to the value of the work, because they are the reproduction of originals contemporaneous with the events they illustrate. It is much to be regretted, however, that M. Dauban has in several passages altered Beaulieu's text, and even occasionally suppressed it altogether. Such a system of editing cannot be too severely censured.

Gérard de Nerval is an author very little known in England, and almost forgotten even in France, where at the present time reputation in the walks of fiction belongs only to those who can startle readers by tales of horror, and arrange in true sensational dress incidents taken from the murderer's cell. We must say that it was in some degree Gérard de Nerval's own fault‡ if he did not obtain the high position which he undoubtedly deserves on the roll of contemporary literature. Too fond of indulging in dreamy tendencies, he could not subject himself to hard work, and his passion for mental analysis became ultimately a positive disease, which ended in suicide. There was in Gérard de Nerval's character considerable similarity to that of Edgar Poe, but the Frenchman's nature was a far nobler one, and he never sank to that degraded state to which the author of the *Raven* descended. He was thoroughly unpractical; but that is the worse we have to say about him. M. Théophile Gautier's appreciative biographical notice will enable the reader to form a very good idea of Gérard de Nerval's character; it serves as a preface to a series of translations from the German, made with much taste and fidelity. The version of Goethe's *Faust* attracted the notice of the poet himself, and deserved his approbation. M. Gautier reprints, we are glad to see, the three prefaces written by his friend; they contain some excellent remarks on the dramatic poem of Goethe, and

on the works of Marlowe and Lord Byron which treat of the same subject.

M. Hachette's *Bibliothèque Choisie* includes first-rate translations of the Greek and Latin classics. We have already had to notice the Greek anthology; now it is M. Gaucher's *Livy* which claims a short mention.* About the historian himself what can we say? Very few particulars respecting his life have been handed down to us, and these particulars are ingeniously worked out by M. Gaucher in his preface. As a Pompeian, Livy was essentially a *laudator temporis acti*; the past appeared to him through a prism, which gave it a deceptive hue and made it look like perfection. He wrote under the influence of two distinct passions—that of the Roman and that of the artist; the latter, M. Gaucher thinks, being even stronger than the former. With the artist everything effective must be true; if a scene is dramatic and exciting, Livy admits it as beyond doubt genuine history. There is, for instance, the famous legendary episode of Camillus and Brennus, with the ransom of Rome thrown into the scales, and the terrible *ve victis* uttered by the Celtic chieftain. The story is effective, therefore it must be credited, and Livy unhesitatingly introduces it into his narrative. This may be good in art, but it is not history. We may add that M. Gaucher's translation is unexceptionable.

M. Hamel's book comes just at the right time†. A kind of international inspection of French and English grammar-schools is now taking place, and both countries seem anxious to improve their respective systems by engrafting upon their various elements borrowed from the traditions of their neighbours. Mr. Matthew Arnold suggests the utility of making Eton and Harrow a little more like a French college; MM. Demogeot and Montucci point with much eloquence to the beneficial effects which the introduction of athletic sports and a larger share of self-government would produce amongst French boys. Now, here is a duodecimo professing to give us the history of a *collège français* of the best type; let us examine it, and see what it really is. Our readers are aware that on the other side of the Channel public education is almost entirely under the control of the State, and that even when a school or seminary does not immediately belong to the University of France, yet it is still in some degree subject to its surveillance. Such is the Collège de Juilly, the history of which is related in an interesting manner by M. Hamel. Founded under the reign of Louis XIII. by the Oratorians, it soon rose to considerable eminence, chiefly on account of the enlightened system of education adopted within its walls. The student of ecclesiastical history need not be reminded that the French Oratorians were as distinguished for their liberal views as for their earnest piety, and that the extreme suspicion with which Richard Simon, Malebranche, and Quesnel were ever regarded alike by the Gallicans and the Jansenists was due to the enlightened manner in which they interpreted both science and Scripture. After a considerable interregnum, the Oratorians have once more taken possession of Juilly, and their aim is, we understand, to carry out the traditions of their predecessors. With the help of the documents preserved in the school-muniment room, M. Hamel has been able to put together a number of very interesting details as to the teaching and discipline of the place, its head-masters and tutors. The pictorial illustrations include a view of the school-buildings, a portrait of Father de Condren, who founded the establishment, and the facsimile of one of Bossuet's funeral orations.

Candidates for the doctor's degree are uniformly expected to maintain two public disputations against all comers, and not unfrequently these disputations, or *thèses*, as they are called in France, assume all the importance of a regular literary tournament. As the candidate is at liberty to select his own subject, it is taken for granted that he has devoted peculiar care to it, that he is thoroughly acquainted with all its bearings, and that he is prepared with an instant answer to all objections. A collection of these essays (for they are regularly printed) is really very interesting; and some of them, developed and revised by their authors, have become goodly octavos, and taken a permanent place in literature. Such, we doubt not, will be the case with M. Jeannel's excellent *brochure*‡, devoted to an examination of Molière's merits as a moralist. It is, however, marked by one important error. If we take the French dramatist's own view of the case, as expounded in his *Lettre sur l'Imposteur*, we shall find that, according to him, a comedy does not professedly aim at any moral effect; and, as a dramatic writer, he never attempted to moralize. Now, M. Jeannel misses this very point when he accuses the author of *Tartuffe* of being responsible for the want of respect which children have for their parents. It is never as *fathers* that Molière turns into ridicule his Harpagnons, his Gérontes, his Jourdain, his Chrysales; it is on account of some moral infirmity with which they are visited. In like manner, if Cléante, Ariste, and Beralde are represented as being men of common sense and proper feelings, it is not because they are old bachelors (*célibataires*): such an assertion would be a complete *non sequitur*. M. Jeannel's disquisition, notwithstanding this and a few other defects, is, as we have already said, an excellent contribution to the history of

* *Correspondance de Madame Elisabeth de France, sœur de Louis XVI.* Publiée par M. Feuillet de Conches. Paris: Plon.

† *La Démagogie en 1793 à Paris; ou Histoire, Jour par Jour, de l'Année 1793.* Par C. A. Dauban. Paris: Plon.

‡ *Faust et le Second Faust de Goethe.* Traduits par Gérard de Nerval. Paris: Lévy.

* *Histoire Romaine de Tite Live, traduction nouvelle.* Par M. Gaucher. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Histoire de l'Abbaye et du Collège de Juilly.* Par Ch. Hamel. Paris: Douiniol.

‡ *La Morale de Molière.* Par C. J. Jeannel. Paris: Thorin.

French literature. It has been prepared with the most scrupulous care, and is the result of a profound acquaintance with Molière's writings.

M. Auguste Robert's volume of poetry * has been crowned by the Académie Française; we are therefore bound to admire it. Nay, it contains many striking pieces; but we must protest against the habitual introduction of a style of literary composition which is neither tragedy nor epic nor novel. M. Robert will perhaps name *Faust* as a case in point. Be it so; but *Faust* is an exception, and, with all due regard to our author, Goethe stands by himself. What critics call a dramatic poem is a work in which there is no unity of design, no plot, no centre of interest. The author saves himself the trouble of writing descriptions; he takes us from one end of the world to the other without either transition or apology; he gives us a tragedy shorn of all the qualities which make a perfect drama, an epic utterly devoid of epic graces, and a novel where the special difficulties that test the skill of a *bona fide* novelist are studiously avoided. According to M. Robert's view, the Reformation accomplished by Luther did not go far enough, and he has attempted to describe in his dramatic scenes the struggle, not between the German divine and the Romish Church, but between the Reformer and those "advanced Liberals" who, like Munzer and Carlostadt, wanted to give to the movement a political direction.

The character of Agnès Sorel † has often attracted the notice both of poets and of historians, and strange to say, in describing that lady's influence and the part she played in the annals of the fifteenth century, historians have generally proved themselves farther from the truth than poets. The late M. Vallet de Virville was the first writer who endeavoured to rehabilitate the mistress of Charles VII. in the opinion of readers, and he contended that Agnès Sorel in reality followed exactly the same line of conduct as Joan of Arc, displaying equal patriotism, and endeavouring to stimulate the energy of her royal lover. The age of Charles VI. and his successor is certainly one of the most interesting in the history of France; the country was in a thorough state of fermentation, and by a series of prolonged efforts, to which all classes of society contributed their share, the nationality of a powerful kingdom was being asserted. Besides the political struggle which marks that epoch, M. Steenackers believes that he can trace the refining influence of the fair sex upon the manners both of the Court and of the people; and the biography of Agnès Sorel seems to him the happiest way of showing this. The reader must not suppose, when he opens M. Steenackers's thick volume, that it is entirely taken up with an account of the *Dame de Beauté*, as she was called. The whole of the fifteenth century is brought under review—literature, manners, social and domestic life, religion; in fact, our author is rather too discursive. We are somewhat startled by a series of extracts from one of Voltaire's most celebrated poems, and by the extraordinary assertion of M. Steenackers that, in the description which the French wit gives of Joan of Arc and Agnès Sorel, there occurs nothing on their part, either in language or in demeanour, *que la plus stricte bienséance ne pût approuver*.

M. Gidel has written a very complete and interesting essay ‡ on a point of mediæval literature which is still very little known and comparatively unexplored. The French Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres proposed in 1864, as the subject for one of its annual prizes, the following question—What are the chief imitations or translations of mediæval romances which have been composed in modern Greek since the twelfth century? State their origin, qualities, and defects. In treating with much fulness this curious topic M. Gidel has easily refuted the erroneous opinion still entertained by some critics that the metrical tales belonging to the *Langue d'Oïl* were mere imitations of foreign poems. The order he adopts is the chronological one, and the first romance he has to deal with is one entitled "The Old Knight," the text of which may be found amongst the MSS. of the Vatican Library, and which introduces us to the heroes and heroines of King Arthur's Court. It is amusing to see the Round Table designated as *Στρογγύλη τράπεζα*, and some readers would hardly suppose that *Ναζαίνιβρα* stands for Queen Guenevere. One of the most singular poems analysed by our author is a kind of epic which treats of the Trojan war. While handling once more that trite subject, the descendants of the Hellenes never dreamt of referring to Homer and expanding or embellishing some episode in the *Iliad*. They took as their model the *trouvère* Benoit de Saint-More, and were so ignorant of classical mythology that wherever the French bard introduces the name of Mars, the Greek imitator translates by the word *Μαρος*. M. Gidel's work will amply repay perusal. He gives us first a short introduction on the Greek writers of the Byzantine period, Nicetas Eugenianos, Achilles Tatios, and Heliodoros; he then shows how the conquest of Constantinople and the Crusades, bringing the East and the West into close intercourse with one another, modified the language and literature of Greece. The numerous quotations which he supplies have peculiar value, inasmuch as they are almost all taken from works which exist only in MS., and which therefore are inaccessible to the majority of readers. From the facts collected by our author it is evident that the influence of mediæval France over

Hellenic civilization in its various manifestations was both important and lasting. Italy came next, and it would be extremely interesting to know in what proportion the Renaissance movement affected the successors of Aristotle and Plato. M. Gidel hints, in the conclusion to his volume, at the probability of his dealing with this last subject. We trust that he will fulfil his intention.

M. Georges Murat and the Countess Dash have both made the fair sex sit for their portraits. M. Murat distorts ladies into caricatures*; he represents them as always acting from impulse, incapable of reasoning, and the more dangerous because they throw into any cause which they wish to serve the whole energy of passion. Whether in the drawing-room or the vestry they rule society, and, generally speaking, rule it very badly, because they are never guided by the dictates of logic and prudence. If M. Georges Murat is right, it would appear that the French Roman Catholic clergy are under petticoat government, and that the ladies who reign supreme in the church vestry are sirens of the most dangerous kind. So far, he maintains the same idea which is developed by the Countess Dash, who lays down the proposition † that, if we would get on in the world, we must possess all the secrets of *savoir-vivre*, and that ladies alone can initiate us into the mysteries of that science. Her work is a mixture of theory and anecdotes, well written, and full of shrewd remarks on contemporary society. As for M. Lermina's *Thomas Vireloquet* ‡, he belongs to that class of moralists who walk about the streets of Paris in all the tatters of a Diogenes or a Chodruc-Duclos, lecturing their fellow-creatures in slang, finding fault with everything, and disclosing, under the pretence of superior wisdom, the most repulsive sides of civilized life.

M. Maxime Ducamp takes us to healthier climes than the *maison dorée* and the masked balls of the Opera. Under his guidance we can visit Holland§ intelligently and profitably. Museums, churches, manufactures, Universities, everything is accurately described, the pictures being evidently our author's chief favourites. Art-catalogues of the collections of Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and the Hague are added to this amusing volume.

* *Salons et Sacristies*. Par Georges Murat. Paris: Les principaux Libraires.

† *Comment on fait son Chemin dans le Monde*. Par la Comtesse Dash. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Propos de Thomas Vireloquet*. Par Jules Lermina. Paris: Pache et Deffaux.

§ *En Hollande*. Par Maxime Ducamp. Paris: Lévy.

NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

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* *La Parole et l'Épée*. Par Auguste Robert. Paris: Didier.

† *Agnès Sorel et Charles VII.* Par F. F. Steenackers. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Études sur la Littérature Grecque Moderne*. Par M. A. Ch. Gidel. Paris: Durand.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR, St. James's Hall, Monday, April 6.—SACRED MUSIC. Madlle. Carola, Madame Patey-Whitlock, and Mr. Sims Reeves, who will sing "Deeper and Deeper Still," and "Wait Her, Angels" (Handel), and "He Thon Faithful unto Death" (Mendelssohn).—Stalls, 6s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. at all Musicians'.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERTS—Monday, April 6.—LAST CONCERT before Easter.—Mendelssohn's Psalm, "Judge me, O God," will be repeated in consequence of the great enthusiasm caused by its performance at the last Concert. Selections from Schubert, Gounod, Meyerbeer, Palestrina, Handel, Auber, &c.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall.—Conductor, Mr. Costa.—Next Wednesday, April 8, the Thirty-sixth Annual Passion Week Performance of Handel's MESSIAH. Principal Vocalists: Madlle. Carola, Madame Sainon-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley. The Band and Chorus, the most extensive available in Exeter Hall, will consist of, as usual, nearly 700 Performers.—Tickets, 5s.; Stalls, 10s.; 6d. now ready, at 6 Exeter Hall. Early Application requisite. Cheques and Post Office Orders payable to Mr. James Packer.

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Address, by Letter, J. ELLA, Director.

GREAT HANDEL FESTIVAL.—June 12, 15, 17, and 19, 1868.—The TICKET OFFICE at the CRYSTAL PALACE opens this Day, from Ten till Four, for the issue of Vouchers securing Tickets.
Letters by Post, enclosing Remittances, duly attended to.
At all previous Festivals, as the time drew near, Thousands of Persons from the Country and elsewhere were unable to procure such Tickets as they desired.
The Festival Committee therefore can only remind intending Visitors that early Application alone will ensure the best Positions.
Note.—All Cheques or Post-Office Orders to be payable to the Order of GEORGE GROVE.

THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES by FRENCH and FLEMISH ARTISTS will OPEN on Monday, April 6, at the Gallery, 120 Pall Mall.—Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION (Third and Concluding Series) of celebrated Persons who have died since 1800, and of others before that date. Exhibition Road, South Kensington, will be OPENED to the Public on Monday, April 13, 1868.—Admission on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 1s. each person; on Tuesdays, 2s. 6d. Season Tickets, available also for the Private View (April 11), 5s. each, may be obtained at the South Kensington Museum.
Open from 10 a.m. till 7 p.m.

By Order of the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The SEVENTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER will take place in the New Hall of the Freemasons' Tavern, on Wednesday, May 6.
The Right Hon. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, First Lord of the Treasury, in the Chair.
The Stewards will be announced in future advertisements.
4 Adelphi Terrace, W.C. OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, Secretary.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.—Founded 1810. Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1827.—The ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL of the SOCIETY will be held at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, on Saturday, the 9th of May next.
Sir FRANCIS GRANT, P.R.A., in the Chair.
Subscriptions and Donations will be received by Messrs. SAMUEL SCOTT & Co., Bankers, Cavendish Square, or by the SECRETARY.
AUGUSTUS U. THISELTON, Secretary.
Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, W.C.

ASSOCIATION DES PROFESSEURS DE FRANÇAIS.—AVIS.—LA DIX-NEUVIÈME ASSEMBLÉE GÉNÉRALE TRIMESTRIELLE DE L'ASSOCIATION DES PROFESSEURS DE FRANÇAIS fixée par l'Article 25 du Règlement au 10 courant, est ajournée au Samedi 25.
Après lecture du compte-rendu du trimestre, il sera procédé à la discussion des Rapports des Commissions Françaises et des Commissions Anglaises sur l'Instruction en Angleterre.
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Donations and Subscriptions will be thankfully received by Messrs. Dimdale & Co., 50 Cornhill; Messrs. Drummond & Co., Charing Cross; Messrs. Court & Co., Strand; Messrs. Hoare, Fleet Street; and by the undersigned, at the Hospital, Liverpool Road, N.
CHARLES FINN, Secretary.

THE ROYAL INFIRMARY FOR CHILDREN AND WOMEN, Waterloo Bridge Road. Instituted 1810.—The sufferings of poor helpless Children from Disease and Poverty are such as to call forth the utmost sympathy and consideration of the Humane and Charitable.

This useful Hospital, which has done so much for the relief of increasing numbers of these poor little sufferers, urgently needs the support and generous assistance of the Benevolent. CONTRIBUTIONS are earnestly solicited.
Banners.—Messrs. FULLER, BARNBY, & Co., 77 Lombard Street; and Messrs. COVAT & Co., Strand.
180 Waterloo Bridge Road, S.

IN CHANCERY.—"SURVILLE V. CHARCHY and Another," Bordeaux and London.—At the Commercial Sale Rooms, Mincing Lane, on Wednesday, April 8, at One o'clock precisely, by Order of CHARLES THORNTON GRANGER, Esq., Receiver in Chancery for the above Estate, the carefully-selected Stock of the late Firm of CHARCHY & Co. (formerly of F. F. CLOSMAN & Co.), consisting of FRENCH and GERMAN WINES, principally stored in their Duty-paid Cellars, Mincing Lane.—Catalogues and particulars of W. & T. RESTELL, Sworn Brokers, 40 Great Tower Street, City, E.C.

THOS. DE LA RUE & CO.'S PATENT PLAYING CARDS.—The New Patterns for the London Season may now be had of all Stationers. Moulds of best quality; Harrys (or second quality). Also, the cheaper varieties, Highlanders and Andrews.

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OPERA GLASSES for WEDDING PRESENTS.—All the Best Patterns in Pearl, Ivory, Enamel, and Aluminum, fitted with BURBOW'S FINE LENSES.—B. ARNOLD, 72 Baker Street, W. Sole West-end Agent.

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THE BEADED PATTERN.		THE GORDON PATTERN.	
With Engraved Shields.		Richly Chased.	
Silver Coffee Pot	£ s. d.	Silver Coffee Pot	£ s. d.
Silver Tea Pot	17 8 0	Silver Tea Pot	19 10 0
Silver Sugar Basin	13 12 0	Silver Sugar Basin	13 2 0
Silver Cream Ewer	8 0 0	Silver Cream Ewer	7 12 0
	5 0 0		4 14 0
	£44 10 0		£40 15 0

Silver Table and Presentation Plate, including Waiters, Inkstands, Prize Cups, Epergnes and Flower Stands, drawings and estimates of which will be forwarded on application.

ECCLIASTICAL COMMISSIONERS FOR ENGLAND.

REGULATIONS RESPECTING GRANTS OUT OF THE COMMON FUND.

MARCH 1868.

I. The Commissioners are prepared forthwith to augment unconditionally to £300 a year the income of every Benefice which was in existence on the 4th of February 1861, and has (by the Census Returns of 1861) a population of not less than 4,000 persons, and is in public patronage; namely, in the patronage of Her Majesty, either in right of the Crown or of the Duchy of Lancaster, of the Duke of Cornwall, of any archbishop or bishop, of any dean and chapter, dean, archdeacon, prebendary, or other dignitary or officer in any cathedral or collegiate church, or of any rector, vicar, or perpetual curate, as such, or of a body of trustees not possessing power to sell or transfer the right of presentation.

II. The Commissioners are also prepared forthwith to augment to the same amount of £300 a year the income of every Benefice which has a like population of 4,000, and is in private patronage, namely, in any patronage whatsoever other than as above mentioned; upon condition that one-half of the sum required to effect such augmentation be provided from non-eccliaastical sources.

III. The Commissioners are also prepared to endow a limited number of new Churches to which Districts shall have been legally assigned since the 1st of March 1861, containing in each case a population of not less than 4,000 persons, and not being situated within the limits of the ancient parish of Manchester, provided that the formation of any such District shall not involve the reduction of the population of any other Benefice receiving a Grant from the Commissioners on the ground of population; the Grants to churches of this character which may be in public patronage to be made, to the extent of £200 a year, unconditionally, and to those in private patronage, to the extent of £100 a year, upon condition that an endowment of equal value be provided from non-eccliaastical sources.

No application will be eligible for consideration under this Regulation unless and until a Church, in which at least one-half of the sittings are free, shall have been built and consecrated, and a separate District shall have been legally assigned thereto.

IV. The Commissioners are further prepared to receive, on or before the 30th of November 1868, offers of Benefices of not less than £100 each in value towards making better provision for the cure of souls, with a view to such offers being met by the Board with Grants, during the Spring of 1869.

The distribution of these last-mentioned Grants will be made subject to the following general Regulations:

1. A Benefice from trustees, or from any Diocesan or other society or body of contributors, as well as from any individual, whether such Benefice consist of money, land, house, site for a house, tithe, or rentcharge, any or all, may be granted by a Grant from the Commissioners; but neither a Grant from Queen Anne's Bounty, nor a Benefice already met by such a Grant nor a Benefice of Queen Anne's Bounty, nor a charge upon the revenues of any Ecclesiastical Corporation aggregate or sole (except as under mentioned), nor any endowment, bequest, gift, or benefaction already secured to a benefice or church, can be met by a Grant from the Commissioners.
2. The Grants will consist of perpetual annuities in all cases except those in which with a view to the provision of Parsonage Houses, or for other reasons, it may appear to the Commissioners to be especially desirable that Capital should be devoted.
3. No single Benefice or proposed District will be eligible to receive a Grant of a larger sum than £50 per annum, or of £1,500 in capital, and in no case will the Grant exceed in value the Benefice offered, the Grant being estimated as worth thirty years' purchase.
4. Districts proposed, but the formation of which shall not have been legally completed on or before the 1st of January 1869, will not be eligible to receive Grants, except in cases where the amount of Benefaction offered would, with the Commissioners' Grant, be sufficient to provide an income of £150 per annum.
5. In selecting cases priority will be given to those which, having regard to income, population, and area, or any of them, shall appear to be the most necessitous.
6. A Benefice held contrary to the provisions of the Primacy Acts, as applicable to new Incumbents, will not be considered eligible for a Grant.
7. A Benefice which has received a Grant is not disqualified, on the offer of a further Benefice, from competing for a further Grant in any subsequent year.
8. The Benefice will consist of perpetual annuities in all cases except those in which the Benefice existing on the 1st January 1869, with the consent of the Commissioners and the Bishop of the Diocese, be laid out in the purchase of land, or tithe rentcharge, within the Parish or District, or in the purchase or erection of a Parsonage House.
9. Every application must contain a specific offer of a Benefice, and must reach the Commissioners' Office on or before the 30th of November 1868, in order to render it eligible to compete for a Grant in the Spring of 1869; and in the event of a Grant being made to a Benefice, the Benefice, if in money, must be paid to the Commissioners on or before the 1st of June following.

The foregoing Regulations, so far as they relate to Divisions I. II. and III., will continue in force to the 1st of March 1869; and so far as they relate to Division IV., to the 30th of November 1868.

All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Ecclesiastical Commission, 10 Whitehall Place, London, S.W., and the postage prepaid.

By Order of the Board, JAMES J. CHALK, Secretary.

* If any Benefice shall have been since the 4th February 1861 reduced in value by a voluntary alienation of income to a daughter Church, or otherwise, the Commissioners will not make good the deficiency so resulting.

† Having regard to the provisions of "The Parish of Manchester Division Act," by which a special fund is created for the endowment and augmentation of Cures within the parish of Manchester, Part of the income of the said parish, as inapplicable to that parish, and Parts I. and II. as applicable to it only in a qualified sense.

‡ Where the Incumbent of a Benefice is willing to surrender a portion of the endowment of such Benefice towards augmenting the income of a District Church, such surrender will be treated as a Benefaction of a sum equal to seven years' purchase of the net annual income so surrendered.

MR. J. H. WOOD, 10 Cornhill, E.C., NEGOTIATES LOANS ON Freehold and Leasehold Property, Reversions and Life Interests, Personal Security with Life Assurance, Buys and Sells Stocks and Shares, effects Life Policies with all Offices, Negotiates Partnerships, and advises confidentially on Financial Matters.

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SPANISH COLONIAL £8 PER CENT. LOAN, 1868,

FOR £2,335,000 NOMINAL, OR £2,171,550 EFFECTIVE.

For the Use of, and secured upon the Revenues of, the Spanish Colonies of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands.

Her Majesty the QUEEN of SPAIN having, by Royal Decree, under date of March 19, 1868, with the consent of the Council of Ministers, authorized the above Loan,

Messrs. BUCHOFERRE & GOLDSCHEIDER have contracted with the Spanish Government for the issue of such Loan, and are now prepared to receive Subscriptions at their Office, Founder's Court, Lothbury.

By Art. 3 of the said Decree the Government of Her Majesty engages to pay the Interest and Sinking Fund of this Loan, and by Art. 4 it secures it on the Revenues of the provinces of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands.

The Loan will be emitted in Bonds to Bearer of £100, £50, and £10,000 each, bearing interest at 8 per cent. per Annum, from September 1, 1868, with Coupons attached, payable Half-yearly on March 1 and September 1, at the Office of Messrs. BUCHOFERRE & GOLDSCHEIDER, in London.

The Bonds are by the Contract expressly exempted from Taxes or Duties of every kind on the part of the Spanish Government, and they will be signed by a representative of the Spanish Government, duly appointed for the purpose.

By the operation of a cumulative Sinking Fund the Bonds will be repayable in Fifteen Years from March 1, 1883.

The Bonds to be redeemed will be determined by Half-yearly Drawings, in the presence of a Notary Public, in January and July in each Year; and the Bonds drawn will be paid off at par, without any deduction, at the Office of Messrs. BUCHOFERRE & GOLDSCHEIDER, in London, on the following March 1 and September 1 in each Year. The First Drawing will take place in January 1870.

The price of Emission is £93 per £100, payable as follows:

On Application	£ 5 per Cent.
On Allotment	15 "
April 20	15 "
May 20	15 "
June 21	15 "
July 20	15 "
August 20	£13 "
Less Coupon for Intermediate Interest, } deducting Income Tax	2 11 "
	£91 per Cent.

Subscribers may anticipate the above periods of Payment, and receive a Discount at the rate of 44 per cent. per Annum.

In case of failure to pay any of the above Instalments at the prescribed period, all previous Payments will be liable to Forfeiture.

Application must be made in the annexed form, to the Imperial Bank, Lothbury, accompanied by a Deposit of 25 per cent. on the amount applied for.

In case the Allotment should not require the whole Deposit, the Surplus will be returned.

Scrip Certificates will be delivered, in exchange for the Banker's Receipt for the First Instalment, which will be exchanged for Bonds to be issued as soon as possible after payment of the Last Instalment.

Certified Translations of the Documents relating to this Loan may be seen at the Office of Messrs. BAXTER, ROSE, NORTON, & CO., 6 Victoria Street, Westminster Abbey, S.W.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained at the same place, of Messrs. BUCHOFERRE & GOLDSCHEIDER, Founder's Court, and at the Imperial Bank, Lothbury, where all Payments are to be made.

SPANISH COLONIAL £8 PER CENT. LOAN, 1868.—

NOTICE is hereby Given, that the SUBSCRIPTION LIST of this Loan will be Closed on Monday next, the 6th instant.

April 2, 1868.

THE AGRA BANK, Limited.—Established in 1833.

CAPITAL, £1,000,000.

HEAD OFFICE.—NICHOLAS LANE, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.

Bankers.—Messrs. GLYN, MILLS, CURRIE, & CO., and BANK OF ENGLAND.

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Current Accounts are kept at the Head Office on the Terms customary with London Bankers, and Interest allowed on Balances does not fall below 100.

Deposits received for fixed periods on the following terms, viz.:

At 5 per cent. per ann., subject to 12 months' Notice of Withdrawal.	
At 4 ditto ditto 6 ditto ditto	
At 3 ditto ditto 3 ditto ditto	

Exceptional Rates for longer periods than Twelve Months, particulars of which may be obtained on application.

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Every other description of Banking Business and Money Agency, British and Indian, transacted.

J. THOMSON, Chairman.

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1 NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, E.C.

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The Whole of the Profits divided Yearly amongst the Members.

RETURNS FOR 1867.

FIRE DEPARTMENT—66 per Cent. of the Premiums paid on First Class Risks.

LIFE DEPARTMENT—56 per Cent. of the Premiums on all Policies of above Five Years' standing.

ACCUMULATED CAPITAL (30th December 1866), £1,126,541.

The Directors are willing to appoint, as Agents, Persons of good Position and Character.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Instituted 1830.

The Security of a Subscribed Capital of £250,000, and an Assurance Fund amounting to more than seven years' purchase of the total Annual Income.

Eighty per cent. of the Profits divided amongst the Assured every Fifth Year.

Assurances of all kinds, Without Profit, at considerably Reduced Rates.

Policies granted at very Low Rates of Premium for the First Five Years.

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Endowments for Children.

Annuities—Immediate, Deferred, or Reversionary.

Notices of Assignments registered and acknowledged without a fee.

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ANDREW BADEN, Actuary.

CLERICAL, MEDICAL, and GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

13 ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.

Established 1824.

FINANCIAL RESULTS OF THE SOCIETY'S OPERATIONS.

The Annual Income, steadily increasing, exceeds	£218,000
The Assurance Fund, safely invested, is over	£1,507,000
The Bonus added to Policies at the last Division was	£272,082
The Total Claims by Death paid amount to	£239,970

The following are among the distinctive features of the Society:

CREDIT SYSTEM.—On any Policy for the whole of Life, where the age does not exceed Sixty, one-half of the Annual Premiums during the first Five years may remain on credit, and may either continue as a debt on the Policy, or be paid off at any time.

RATES OF PREMIUMS FOR YOUNG LIVES, with early participation in Profits.

ENDOWMENT ASSURANCES may be effected, without Profit, by which the Sum Assured becomes payable on the attainment of a specified age, or at death, whichever event shall first happen.

INVALID LIVES may be assured at rates proportioned to the increased risk.

PROMPT SETTLEMENT OF CLAIMS.—Claims paid Thirty days after proof of Death.

THE REVERSIONARY BONUS at the Quinquennial Division in 1867 averaged 45 per Cent., and the CASH BONUS 36 per Cent., on the Premiums paid in the Five years.

THE NEXT DIVISION OF PROFITS will take place in January 1873, and persons who effect New Policies before the end of June next will be entitled at that Division to one year's additional share of Profits over later Entrants.

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GEORGE CUTCLIFFE, Actuary and Secretary.

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